

Children's Newspaper, April 25, 1931

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 631

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APRIL 25, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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PIERRE QUILLIVIC FOLLOWS CAPTAIN OATES

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Seven

SPAIN A KINGDOM NO MORE

ALFONSO SIGNS AWAY HIS THRONE

Closing of a Great Chapter in
European History

THE GAME OF CHESS

Spain has joined the Republics. King Alfonso has given up the throne and left the country with his family.

It is a dramatic chapter in the story of a nation which once ruled the seas. If Francis Drake is looking down on us from where the heroes are it must have stirred his heart to see this turning-over of a last page in the history of a dynasty.

Elizabeth and Philip

One of the finest pieces of sculpture in the Tate Gallery shows two monarchs playing a game of chess. They are Queen Elizabeth and Philip of Spain, he who was wont to say that Time and he were a match for anyone. Indeed life was a game of chess in those days, with the clever brain of Elizabeth and her famous men pitted against the ruthless spirit of the most powerful State in Europe. Philip lost the game; though once he sat on the throne of England as the consort of Mary Tudor he lost the Armada stroke on his vast chessboard of the sea, and in that dramatic hour for Europe and the world Spain stepped down from greatness.

Once more a dramatic hour has come; but, thanks to the calm and courage of one of the most popular men in Europe, King Alfonso, the change came quietly and in order. The king stepped down from power to save his people from a civil war and the terrors of bloodshed. He signed his abdication and departed with all his family.

The Friend of His People

It was the end of the long troubles to which we have often referred, and it became urgent at last, after the municipal elections, which showed unmistakably the growing power of the Republican Party. For an hour the king stood firm; then, like a statesman and the friend of his people, he bowed to the inevitable, took up his gold pen, and surrendered the throne.

"Long live the King!" cried somebody. "No," said Alfonso. "Long live Spain!"

And so say all of us. It is good to be living in a time when great events like this, closing a great chapter of history in Europe, can come about quietly with a stroke of the pen. Once it would have filled the world with terror; now the pen is mightier than the sword to settle troubles and establish peace. Of course all will not be as easy for the new Government as its accession to power. Catalan syndicalism and affairs in Morocco will need careful handling.

A Treetop Near London



Although the chief attractions of Kew Gardens are the botanical specimens, many visitors are interested in the storks which have their nests in some of the treetops. Here one of the birds is seen as it is about to leave its nest.

EXILE KINGS

There are now six sovereigns in Europe among the unemployed. The first of them all, of course, is the Kaiser, spending most of his time in the wood around his home at Doorn in Holland. The other four, now joined by King Alfonso, are Manoel of Portugal, George the Second of Greece, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and Amanullah of Afghanistan.

THE GRAND OLD TURK

We read much in the papers of a grand old Turk who has been to America and has come to London. Zara Agha is a very old man. He speaks little but Kurdish, and we are told he never smokes or drinks alcohol and lives chiefly on vegetables and sour milk.

He claims to have been born in 1775 and so to be 156. We read in the papers that he fought against Napoleon and saw the "little fat man."

So far no paper we have seen has described the old Turk playing marbles with Julius Caesar.

A MADEIRA REVOLUTION

While Spain has become a Republic her neighbour Portugal has received a shock from her islands in the Atlantic. The armies in Madeira and the Azores have revolted from the Home Government, and when the authorities were arranging to send an expedition to the islands they displayed a great nervousness about the loyalty of their armed forces at home.

All this unrest has a very bad effect on the trade of the world, still further unsettling its money markets.

THE NEW DESIRE

A German Institute has been inaugurated at the Sorbonne in Paris for the study of German culture.

M. Poincaré said in his address that the state of indifference, a natural consequence of the year 1870, has today changed into a desire to understand Germany. He expressed the hope that this institute would develop "without prepossession and without illusion."

BRITANNIA'S MASTER PAINTER W. L. WYLLIE, HISTORIAN OF TRAFALGAR

The Man Whose Love of the
Sea Kept Him a Boy

HIS SPLENDID LIFE-WORK

Britannia's Realm, the Sea, suffered a great loss in the passing away of her devoted son Mr W. L. Wyllie, the painter who had served her so faithfully with brush and pencil and graving tool for more than sixty years.

He was almost a boy when, in a special sense, he "ran away to sea" by beginning to paint seascapes.

Only last year we saw him at work in his gabled house at the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, where he was busily making plans from old Admiralty records of the positions of the ships at every hour of the day in the Battle of Trafalgar. His paintings of bygone naval scenes are historical records which will never be surpassed.

A Model of Nelson's Victory

But while he worked like a true craftsman he played like a boy. He was never so happy as when he snatched some hours from his painting room to build a sailing boat in the little yard of his house by the battlements which are called the Hot Walls because the sun shines so hotly on them. He and his son, who made a glorious model of Nelson's Victory, built more than one boat together and raced it in the Solent.

Needless to say, the boats were built and calculated as scientifically as his pictures were painted.

Some years after the war he added another painting to those he had made of London Pool and London Bridge, and limned a panorama of London as he could see it from the roof of the tall building of the Port of London Authority. He made his measurements and arranged his perspectives with the carefulness of a surveyor.

His Last Labour of Love

Every building, spire, and tower in it is placed with almost astronomical nicety so that it will remain always an actual record of early Twentieth-Century London when many of its landmarks, now beginning to go, have disappeared altogether.

Withal it is a fine picture, as were nearly all those that Wyllie made, for he was a true believer that painting should actually be a *fine* art, not crude, or showy, or slapdash. Those who knew him admired his work and loved the man, who was generous, kindly, shrewd, and boyish to the end of his long life.

The last completed labour of love in it was the panorama of Trafalgar which is housed in a special building near the Victory in Portsmouth Dockyard.

COUNTING US SUNDAY'S CENSUS

The Things the Government
Must Know About Us All

FILLING UP THE PAPER

The British Census of 1931 holds up its warning hand to remind us that it is ten years since the last Census of our country was taken.

Before another C.N. sees the light the names of every one of its readers—and, in fact, of every man, woman, and child in Great Britain—will have been entered on the national records.

This summing-up and classification of the people of these islands was first begun in 1801, largely by the efforts of John Rickman. Twelve other counts have been taken—every ten years.

Since the first Census the information asked for by its inquiry papers has steadily increased, and as steadily has that information been more carefully classified after it has been obtained so that it may be employed usefully.

The population figures of males and females are now grouped into every civil parish and ward, together with their aggregations into Sanitary, Poor Law, and Parliamentary areas.

Where All Were Born

Other tables show in administrative areas the number and kind of houses, classified according to the number of families, rooms, and persons in them.

There are tables to show the number of orphans, the number of boys and girls at schools or other educational institutions. Yet other tables show where all were born, whether British or foreign; the sort of work they do, and the numbers of people employed in each and every industry. The Census puts us all down, what we are, what we do, and how we live.

None will be forgotten or left out, unless some mistake has been made in filling up the forms which have been issued to all heads of households, to hospitals, infirmaries, nursing homes, and sanatoriums, to religious and charitable institutions, to schools and colleges, and even to workhouses.

Our First Duty

By a convention of the Ministry of Health the Census of April 26, 1931, is that of England and Wales, but Scotland is holding a separate census at the same time.

The first duty of every citizen, young or old, is to try to fill up these forms in a complete and accurate way.

We can imagine that the Prison Governor has a hard task, for the printed forms ask that all the answers given shall be precise and particular.

Others besides prison governors will have hard work in getting the right answers from inmates of their institutions. It is quite certain that when the Enumerators appointed for the 40,000 districts into which the country is divided call for the forms on Monday morning they will have to help many a poor family in getting it right. The Enumerator's task is not an easy one, especially in the East End of London, where there are large numbers of foreigners.

A Costly Business

But the value of the Census when it has been made and many months afterwards its results have been classified cannot be overrated. It is not merely a matter of "numbering the people." Almost every system of Social Reform, from Old Age Pensions to State Education, is based on it.

The Census is a costly business, demanding months of preparation before and years of summation after, but it is worth it. In 1921 the sum of the population was England 35,678,530, Wales 2,206,712, Scotland 4,882,288, with a total of 42,767,530, of which there were some two millions more females than males.

CLEARING UP CHICAGO

Good-Bye to Big Bill

Chicago has got to its feet. It has turned out Big Bill Thompson and stifled his Big Noise.

Mr Anton Cermak, who was elected mayor in his place, triumphed by a bigger majority than ever mayor was elected before, and for that reason there is ground for hope that the new mayor will be effectively supported in his efforts to suppress crime and lawlessness.

Too much must not be expected of him, for the high murder rate in this greatest city of the Middle West arises out of the rivalries of liquor gangs. If there were no people in Chicago's millions to buy liquor illicitly manufactured and supplied there would be no bootleggers to supply it, and no racketeers to murder one another for the profits.

If Chicago is in earnest in helping its new mayor to suppress crime it will add something more to its gesture of electing him to office by a sensational majority. A good send-off, even when Big Bill Thompson is included in it, is not enough.

Citizens of Chicago must carry on the good work; and they might well begin by refusing to buy the liquor that the law forbids.

That self-denying ordinance would have more effect in clearing out the gangs than any election.

THE INNER TUBE

The Man Who Thought Of It

Everybody knows the pneumatic tyre and has become familiar with the Michelin variety of it, if only from its odd pictorial advertisements. The death of M André Michelin in Paris is a reminder of what a comparatively recent invention it is.

Soon all vehicles will be fitted with pneumatic tyres, but M Michelin was almost at the very beginning of its use. He was 35 years old, and that was only 43 years ago, when Mr Dunlop, a veterinary surgeon of Belfast and not even a cyclist, invented the pneumatic bicycle tyre, to replace the old solid or cushion indiarubber one.

André Michelin jumped to the idea, and began to think of ways to improve it. He thought of a detachable pneumatic tyre with an inner tube and an outer cover fitted with a metal ring.

From that time onward the old-fashioned indiarubber factory which he and his brother had taken over began to take a place in the world. It took it and kept it, largely owing to the mental alertness of the man who had made the inner tube but was never satisfied till he had tested and tried every new invention and improvement that came after it.

THE LAST BUT ONE

Lightning, the War Carrier Pigeon

Another war-time hero who never harmed anyone has passed away. He was Lightning, the carrier pigeon who fetched and carried messages for four years at the naval base at Lowestoft.

Lightning was very young to begin, barely of war age, for he was only just over 17 when he passed away full of years and honours.

He was the last but one of the three carrier pigeons that have survived the war till this year. Rupert, who was another, had an unhappy fate, for that brave old bird was killed the other day by a wandering cat.

The last to be left is Old Bill, who for three years was an emissary of General Headquarters at Montreuil in France.

COAL FOR MOTOR CARS

Petrol From English Mines

England's wealth has been largely built up on the coal which she has been able to sell to other nations. But oil has robbed coal of a great deal of its importance, and England is singularly poor in oil deposits; in fact, she has to satisfy her wants by purchases from other countries.

For long chemists have been trying to obtain oil from coal on a commercial scale, and at the wonderful Billingham works of Imperial Chemical Industries they have had great success. A plant is in operation for the conversion of coal into petrol and fuel oil by the hydrogenation process, which means the combination of coal and hydrogen under great pressure and at great heat. The petrol produced has been found equal to the best grades now on the market.

There are other methods of obtaining oil from coal in which the liquid fuel is obtained in small quantities as a by-product only; but by the new process the petrol is obtained and there is left only a small residue of waste product of no apparent value.

It is a great step toward the day when England will be independent of other countries for her petrol supply.

GOOD AFTERNOON

What To Do With It in the Strand

Anyone who has been clever enough to find the tiny Children's Theatre in Endell Street will enjoy tracking down the Children's Theatre to its new quarters in the Little Theatre in John Street, off the Strand.

Good Afternoon, it says politely in large letters as you approach it, for that is the name of the collection of plays and songs now being acted there.

And a very good afternoon it is; just the sort of jolly afternoon for a holiday. Every child in London should at least suggest going there, and any grown-up who has no child handy should hastily borrow one and go. For it is just as good an afternoon for grown-ups as for children.

There are sixteen items in the present programme, two of which are bound to be great favourites, for who could resist seeing two of the actors pegged to a clothes-line to do the dance of the flapping clothes, or the cardboard sea that rises to swallow up the fighting sailors on the Coasts of High Barbary?

The experiment of using the Little Theatre is only for three weeks, and this is the last of the three; but if it has proved a success it will be carried on for a few weeks more, and it is well worth ringing up the Little Theatre to find out. Do it now, as the poster says. It will pay you well. Good Afternoon.

PERILS OF THE AIR

A New One

None could have foreseen the insidious danger which wrecked one of the large mail planes sailing with such unflinching punctuality in all sorts of weathers on the American Transcontinental service.

Neither storms nor winter snows interrupt the scheduled departures and arrivals. This ill-fated plane had sought the higher levels to avoid adverse clouds and currents, and while there ice accumulated on the hub of its propeller.

As the plane descended to lower levels the ice melted and fell away, and, coming in contact with the whirling blades, put an abnormal strain on the wings. One of them collapsed, and the plane crashed two minutes after it had wirelessly "All well" to the station it was approaching.

Such possibilities of mishap will have to be provided against in future.

THE SCORING BOARD

Last Month's Points

SMALL NATION'S REMARKABLE ACT

There are many points that seem worth while recording on last month's scoring board for Peace.

British and French Governments agreed to ratify the General Act for submitting every kind of dispute to arbitration.

Denmark passed through its Lower House the Bill for disarming the army and converting it into a police force, the most dramatic step yet taken by any nation toward disarmament.

Russia and Turkey agreed not to increase their naval strength in the Black Sea without six months' notice.

Poland and Germany disposed of claims arising out of the Peace Treaty and put an end to five years of tariff bitterness.

Representatives of 26 States agreed on a uniform law for cheques.

France decided to abolish passports during the Colonial Exhibition which takes place there this summer.

Closer cooperation in stopping fraudulent coinage was agreed upon by 25 Governments.

Ten Governments signed an agreement for standard road signalling.

Nine Governments signed a Convention to abolish taxes on foreign cars touring in their territory.

Russia and Persia signed a treaty not to interfere with one another.

The Nansen International Office for Refugees settled down to work.

A WOMAN IN INDIA

The Fine Work Miss Sorabji Did

India will not forget Miss Susie Sorabji, whose life-work for the education of girls in Western India came to an end after she had laboured at it for nearly half a century.

Her work and influence will endure because it was founded, not on any passing enthusiasm, but on a confident belief that the life and future of Indian girls and women and so of India itself can be secured only by education, wisdom, and understanding.

Less well known than her gifted sister Miss Cornelia Sorabji, she inherited from the same Parsee family ideals of service and progress. They did not conflict with an abiding loyalty to the British Raj, but were joined to a confident belief that the future of both should be founded on inter-racial friendships and mutual loyalty.

She was a profound believer in the Girl Guide movement, and both before and after her association with it helped hundreds of girls, well-to-do and poor, to do good and useful work in the world.

A lover of humankind, though she loved India first and best, she was a fearless Christian who never failed or doubted the faith that was in her.

THINGS SAID

Real charity cannot stay at home.

Lord Lamington

Vegetables hold the secret of long life.

Mr Bernard Shaw

I have never found any use for smoking or drinking.

Eric Liddell, Olympic runner

I have come to England to get away from those terrible noises.

A New York woman aged 89

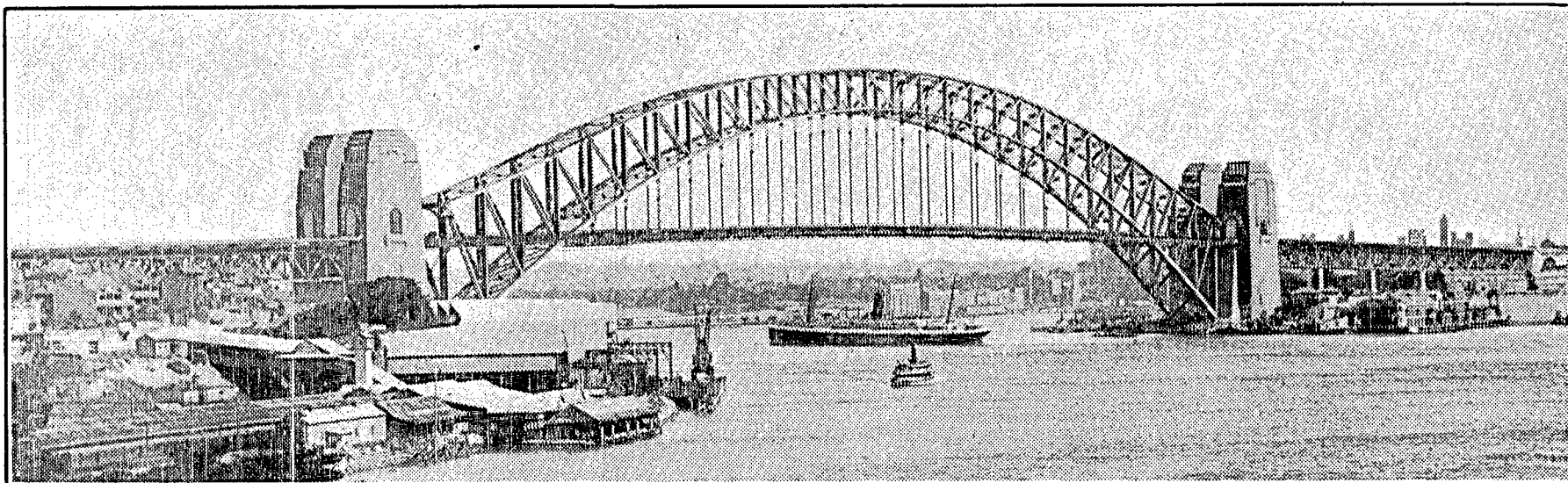
25s buys a square foot of England for a children's playground.

Sir E. Hilton Young, collecting for the Foundling Site

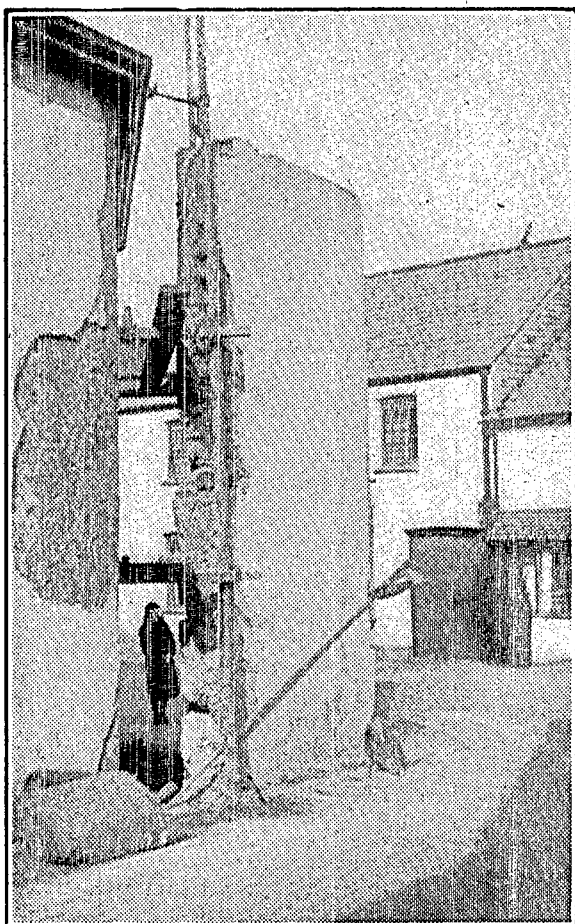
Leave three wasps alive in Europe and the air will still be more crowded with wasps than space is with stars.

Sir James Jeans

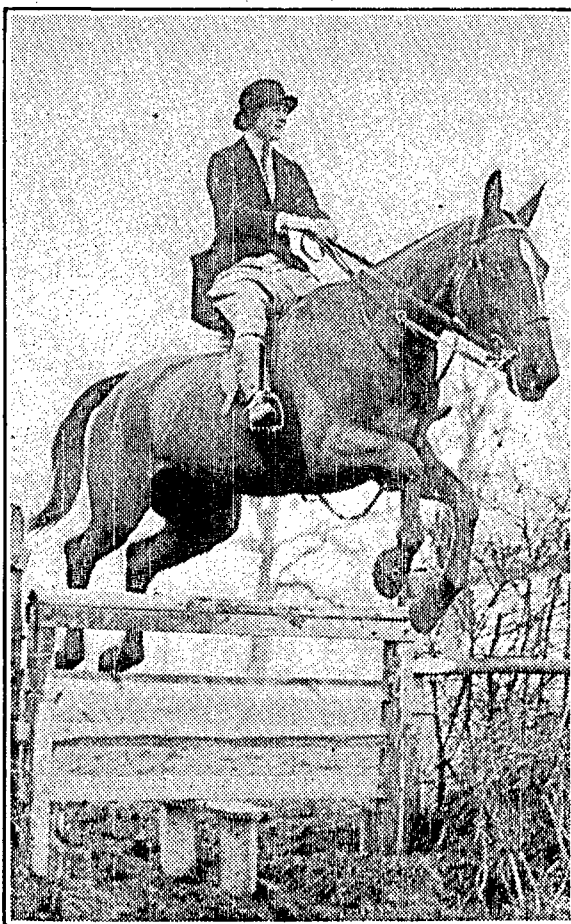
CUTTING OFF A CORNER · SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE · NEW GIANT LINER



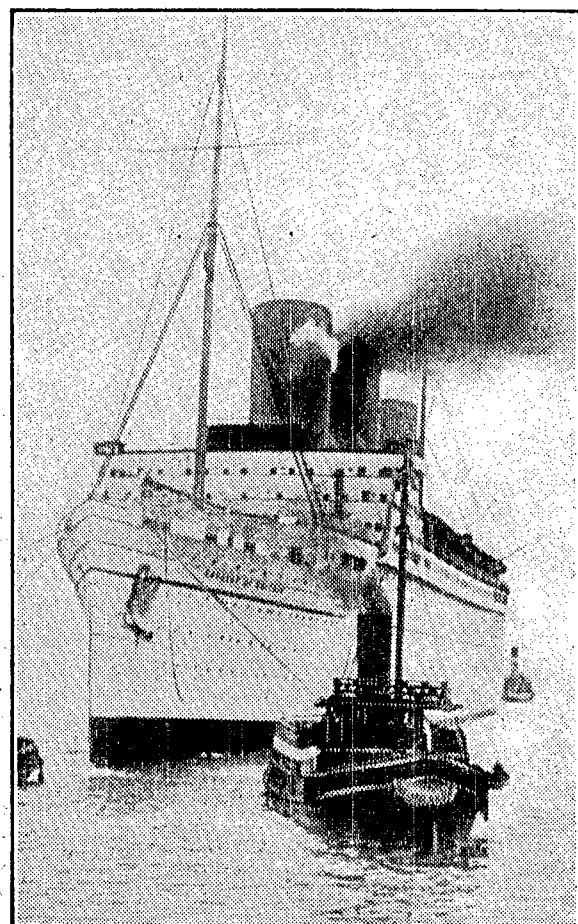
World's Longest Single-Span Bridge—The wonderful bridge over Sydney Harbour is rapidly nearing completion. Here is a picture showing what it will be like when it is ready for traffic.



Cutting Through a House—At a dangerous turning in Dunster, Somerset, the corner of a building is being removed so as to give drivers a clear view of approaching traffic.



Quite Easy—This girl sits her horse so easily while jumping a stile that she makes riding look very simple. The picture was taken near Leighton Buzzard.



Giant and Pigmy—The splendid new Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Britain is here seen being towed into Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, where she was painted.



Roof Drying-Ground—Back gardens are practically unknown to the few people who actually live in the City of London, but in some cases the roof serves as an excellent drying-place on washing day, as seen in this picture taken near St Paul's Cathedral.



The Children's R.A.—Some 700 paintings and drawings from all parts of the world have been sent to the Royal Drawing Society's exhibition at the London Guildhall. The youngest artist is a boy of two who sent a picture of a railway engine.

ADA LEIGH

A WONDERFUL LIFE

Friend of the Friendless Passes
From the World

THE EXILE'S FRANC

A brave friend to the friendless has just passed out of this world. She was Mrs Ada Travers Lewis, who founded the Ada Leigh hostels in Paris.

She was 91 when she died, and in her girlhood it was not thought nice for young ladies to see the seamy side of life. Daring Ada Leigh stared at it with wide-open eyes, and started to make it better. Friends thought it unwise, her sisters called it "rather questionable," and even the good Lord Shaftesbury warned her not to be too venturesome. But she went on, and in the end her work was applauded by King Edward and the British and American Ambassadors.

A Sunday Refuge for Girls

Ada Leigh, who was a well-to-do young English girl finishing her education abroad, went one day to buy gloves, and was served by an Englishwoman. A friendly question drew from the shop assistant a wretched tale. No one cared what became of her. On Sunday mornings she was turned out of her living quarters and not allowed to return till nightfall. No food was provided on those days. She said many other Englishwomen were in the same plight. If they fell out of work or were in any trouble there was no one to champion the nursery governess or shop assistant trying to earn her living in a foreign land.

Some women would merely have felt sorry, but Ada Leigh took a room in the Rue St Honoré and made it a Sunday refuge for such girls. She conducted a Bible class, and made friends with them all. Soon she learned that many a girl would be saved from despair if there was a properly-run home where she could get cheap lodging.

"If you will start a home," said one poor exile, "I will give you a franc."

Thousands of Heartaches Cured

She accepted the challenge and the franc. Soon after the first hostel was open, and quickly filled, she was told that she must close it within three days. It was illegal to conduct a charity on rented premises. Ada Leigh undertook to buy the building for £10,000, and her prayer for success in raising the money was granted.

Now there are several of her hostels in Paris. They were invaluable when the war suddenly threw some 8000 young English girls out of work in Paris. At the Ada Leigh homes girls are not only housed and fed, but befriended and found work. Because young Miss Leigh chanced to talk to the English girl in the glove shop thousands of heartaches have been cured. In the last two years alone work has been found for no fewer than 16,151 stranded girls.

Ada Leigh married Dr John Travers Lewis, the archbishop who originated the Lambeth Conferences. He died in 1901, but she forgot her loneliness in healing the loneliness of others.

Seldom has one woman been more beloved by others.

THE TWO ARMCHAIRS

Between four and five thousand boys have passed through the hands of Mr Charles Henry Barber, who has given up a teaching career after being over forty years at Southwark Central School.

He sang in the choir of a London church when he was seven.

Mr Barber is 60, and has been presented with an armchair for himself and another for his wife. We wish them many happy hours in them, and a long continuance of their useful lives.

THE POOR CHILD'S FRIEND

Sir Robert Parr Goes to
His Rest

Those children who have been born into unhappy and sometimes cruel homes have lost one of their best friends. Sir Robert Parr, whose earnest spirit inspired and controlled the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for 25 years, has passed to a rest nobly earned.

Sir Robert succeeded Benjamin Waugh, the great founder of this society. He increased its number of centres from 775 to over 2200, and was helping 39,000 children a year at the time of his retirement three years ago.

His greatest work was the active part he took in helping to draft the Magna Carta of our century, the Children's Act of 1908, and many a little one who would have perished under the bad old conditions has grown up to virile manhood and learned to bless his name.

Another great work was his care for 85,000 children of our soldiers and sailors during the war, a task that freed the Government for other work.

He was indeed a great uncle, for he had no children of his own.

TALKING PICTURES FOR THE DEAF

Bournemouth's Experiment

Bournemouth has followed the example of one or two other big towns in having rows of seats in one of its picture theatres fitted with instruments which deaf people can use.

Many experiments are being made both here and in America to give deaf people the advantage of listening to sound pictures.

It is rather surprising to know there are ten million deaf people in the United States, and even with the best means science has devised only one in ten of these can hear a talking picture comfortably even with the instruments provided. The sound in a talking picture comes from a powerful loud speaker (sometimes two) placed just behind the screen, the screen itself being perforated with thousands of holes so that the sound can come through.

To accommodate the deaf a small amount of the power which goes to the loud speaker is diverted to a number of special telephone receivers attached to the theatre seats. Each telephone is provided with a little piece of apparatus by which the deaf can control the volume of sound. By holding this pear-shaped control in his hand, and pressing a small button on it, he is able to adjust the strength of the sound to suit his hearing.

A POOR DESCENDANT OF ROBERT BRUCE

£2 For Bannockburn

Some time ago Scotland was shocked to learn that some vandal (Scottish, we fear) proposed to build on the site of the Battle of Bannockburn.

Lord Elgin appealed to the nation to preserve the field of Bannockburn "to commemorate, not a military victory, but the spirit of nationality of Scotsmen, their character, grit, and determination."

Bannockburn is saved from bungalows, from postcard kiosks, from tea and mineral shanties. Over £3000 poured in almost at once.

Some of the cheques ran into hundreds of pounds, but the most interesting subscription was a modest £2 from "a poor but lineal descendant of King Robert the Bruce."

NINE DAYS TO AUSTRALIA

The record for a flight from England to Australia was beaten by more than 18 hours by Mr C. W. A. Scott, who reached Port Darwin nine days four hours and eleven minutes after leaving Lymington.

PRESS THE BUTTON AND STOP THE CAR

By Our Paris Correspondent

Parisians have amused themselves for years inventing ideas for crossing the crowded thoroughfares in safety.

One of the best until now was to push a pram. All Paris will stop at the sight of a pram, and some keen business heads have thought of buying a few dozen prams to keep for hire at the most crowded corners.

Many a man, it was thought, would be willing to pay a few sous to have his life insured in this way. There are people who have been obliged to hop into a taxi to cross the Place de l'Étoile; and a taxi costs much more than the hire of a pram for five minutes.

Among the many fantastic ideas to which the traffic congestion has given birth one has become a reality—a scheme by which the pedestrian stops oncoming vehicles by pressing a button on a lamp-post.

Plan to Foil the Mischievous

There are only certain places where this new invention is practical, but when it is installed at a suitable point it is excellent. It is specially suitable at the intersection of a footpath and a motor-road. At one bridge crossing the Seine the pedestrian comes on his way to the Louvre, and a great flood of vehicles along the Quai prevents his crossing. He puts his finger to the button on the post, a bell goes ting-a-ling, a red light comes on, and the motors are obliged to stop.

If any mischievous vagabond thinks it would be a pleasant amusement to ring the bell the whole afternoon, thus bottling up the traffic on the Quai, he will find his plan foiled by the clever mechanism of the signal. The bell will not go off too often; it is arranged automatically to give the foot-passengers a reasonable but not an unfair amount of time. If the vehicles must wait for the people, the people must also wait for the vehicles from time to time.

A Boon to Motorists

To an Englishman this hand-operated signal appeals as a clever device for preventing accidents at points which hardly merit the services of a policeman, but to the Frenchman it seems quite clear that this is a plan for the prevention of cruelty to motor-cars. "Pedestrians are an enormous bother," he says; "they are always wanting to cross the road. It is a great boon to the motorist to oblige them to organise their crossings as does this push-button."

But, whichever view one takes, the new installation provides considerable entertainment, and there is always a little crowd of spectators around it to "see if it really works."

THE ADMIRAL'S COAT

Admiral Byrd, like most other celebrities, is quite used to having his photograph taken.

He had it taken when he arrived the other day at Jacksonville in Florida; but he will specially remember his visit because he had his overcoat taken too.

When the newspaper men met him at the station they asked him to take off his overcoat before being photographed. Apparently the people of Florida do not like overcoats.

So the admiral took it off, but unfortunately he handed it to a man who must have been a stranger in those parts, for he had quite a fondness for them.

The result was that while the cameramen took the admiral's photograph the stranger took his coat, and neither stranger nor coat has been seen since.

A million tons of coal is expected from a new seam found in a pit at Choppington in Northumberland.

A commercial traveller of Waterford has been severely injured in the face by an owl crashing through the wind-screen of his car.

THE MICRO-RAY

How It May Give Us
Cheaper Wireless

AN INCH-LONG AERIAL

Almost every week seems to bring its new wireless wonder.

The latest, known as the micro-ray, may greatly reduce the costs of wireless telephony and, what is equally important, will reduce the congestion of the ether by making available a selection of wave-lengths nine times greater than at present.

In a recent demonstration conversations took place across the English Channel, making use of just sufficient power, half a watt, to light an ordinary flash-lamp. The aerial used was less than an inch long, and the wave-length only 18 centimetres. Hitherto the shortest wave-length used for commercial purposes has been about 15 metres and the power required about five kilowatts. It is this exceedingly short wave-length which will enable greater use to be made of the ether for wireless purposes.

The Wave Reflectors

A micro-radion tube in the new transmitter converts the speaker's voice into electric waves, and these are concentrated by two reflectors into a narrow ray which can be projected much in the way that a searchlight sends its beam.

This ray is directed on to a receiving apparatus, which may be many miles away, and is picked up by the tiny aerial. Thus, by sending these remarkably short waves in the desired direction a great degree of privacy for the conversations is assured, for unless another receiver happens to be in the direct line of the beam and is then tuned-in it cannot overhear what is going on.

Besides this matter of privacy and the economy in power the new micro-ray method should also mean a big saving in the cost of equipping stations.

It will be interesting to see if tests over vast distances can be made as successfully as the conversations between the English and French coasts.

Problem of Distance

The recent demonstration was the result of long research on the part of British and French engineers; but Senatore Marconi has also been working on the problem of ultra-short wave communication, and during his experiments he has used successfully waves of only five centimetres.

At present it seems that very short waves are only of use for comparatively short distances, for the beams travel straight and so of course do not follow the curve of the Earth. Obstructions, such as mountains, also interfere with their progress. But no doubt these difficulties will be overcome.

A TICKET AGED 64

A scrap of paper, that phrase invented by the ex-Kaiser in speaking of a treaty, has now become a household word throughout Europe.

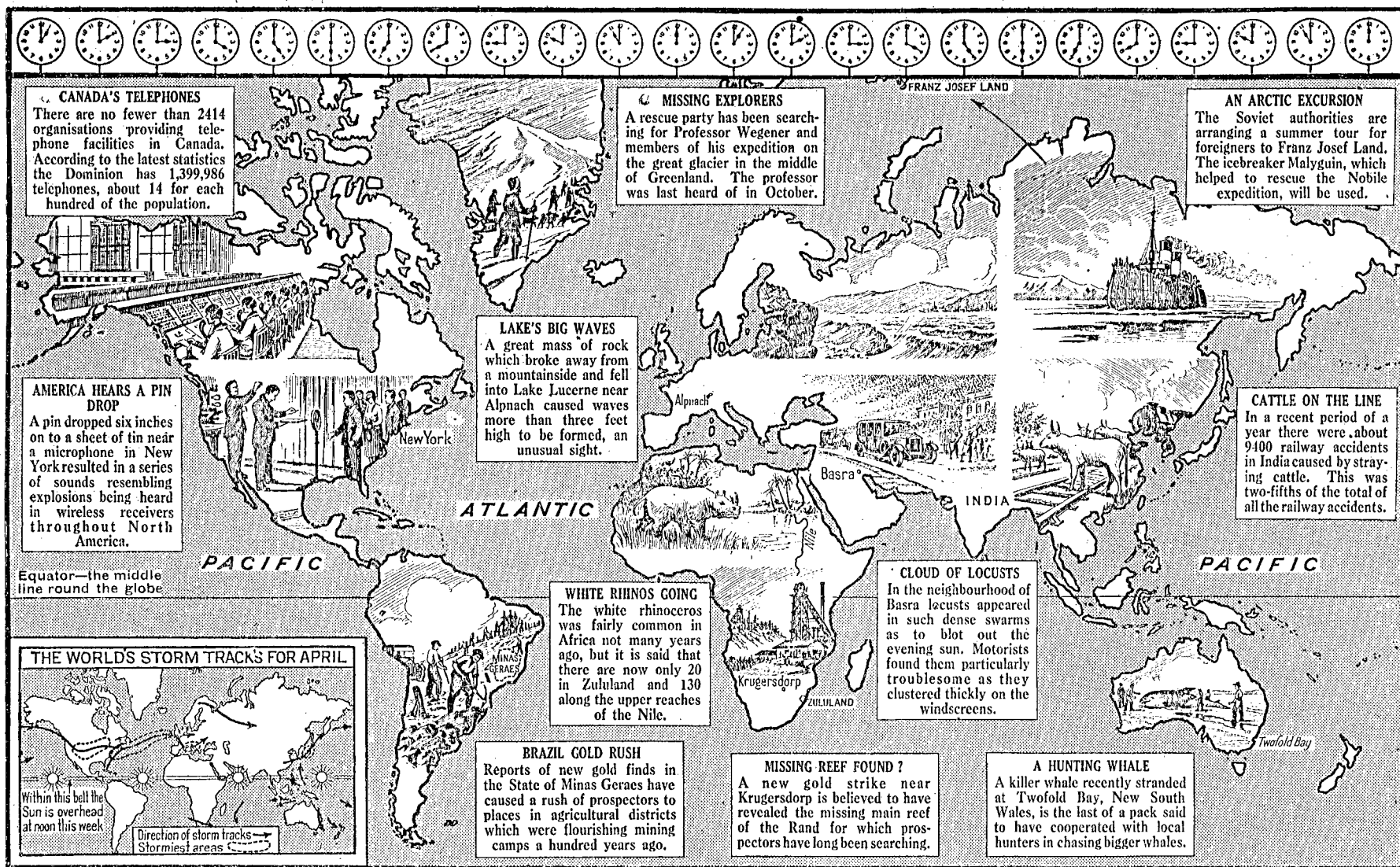
What precious things scraps of paper can be! The other day a correspondent wrote to The Times to ask if he were the oldest reader at the British Museum, and said his ticket was dated 1866. Another reader writes that his ticket was taken out by him in 1880.

Of course those green tickets are only scraps of paper, but they have brought so many pleasant hours that we may be sure their owners would think it a calamity if they should be lost. A smug new ticket would not be the same as these old companions.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Sunshine.	123 hrs.	Liverpool	0.27 ins.
Rainfall.	19 ins.	Gorleston	0.47 ins.
Dry days	26	Aberdeen	1.14 ins.
Wet days	5	Southampton	1.21 ins.
Warmest day	20th	Dublin	1.21 ins.
Coldest day	9th	Falmouth	5.27 ins.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A DUTCHMAN'S PRIZE Another Little Help For Peace

Sir Eric Drummond has been presented with a Peace Prize for his invaluable and untiring services as Secretary-General of the League of Nations.

This prize was founded by a Dutchman, Herr Wateler, by whose name it is known. He left his property to the Carnegie Foundation on the condition that the annual revenue should be awarded as a Peace Prize to the person who rendered the most valuable services in the cause of peace or contributed to finding means of combating war. This is the first year the prize has been given, and it amounts to over £2000.

Sir Eric accepted the honour but requested the Directors of the Carnegie Foundation to decide where to bestow the money so that it may be used in furthering the League ideal. It has accordingly been handed over to the Federation of League Societies, of which the British League of Nations Union is one.

AS RICH AS A MOUSE

There is a mouse in Alberta which might well have advertised its nest as a valuable leasehold residence.

He, at any rate, was not as poor as a church mouse, for his nest has been valued at £25. It was found lined with Savings Certificates for that amount.

The Treasurer of Alberta was called upon to trace and redeem the certificates, but his task was not easy, for the paper had been so chewed up that it was necessary to examine the whole nest-lining microscopically before the numbers could be determined.

And the poor mouse whose lease was up is now, we expect, searching for a freehold residence where he may pass the rest of his days undisturbed.

MIXING

In the American colleges today 224 Germans from 28 German universities are studying, while 200 Americans are taking courses in German universities.

KATHARINE TYNAN Ireland Loses a Poet

Katharine Tynan is gone. But she is not really dead, for in nearly all anthologies of Anglo-Irish verse men will find her pure and sincere poetry living in many a beautiful lyric—in All In The April Morning and in such lines as these from her June Song:

O you poor folk in cities,
A thousand thousand pities!
Heaping the fairy gold that withers and dies;
One field in the June weather
Is worth all the gold ye gather,
One field in June weather—one Paradise.

She was the daughter of a prosperous Irish farmer, and her first book was published when she was a girl in 1885. Some years later she married Mr Harry Hinkson, a barrister, and managed to make a success of motherhood as well as of authorship, writing much for girls.

She ended her days at Wimbledon, and had many friends among authors and book-lovers on both sides of the Irish Sea. These friends were sometimes disappointed because her novels did not meet with greater success; but, after all, it was her happy fate to have written poetry which seems sure of immortality and to have helped to make the lives of children, to whom her heart was ever open, brighter by her work.

There are authors who would give all their best-sellers to have written some of Katharine Tynan's lovely songs.

ELECTRICAL TEXTS FROM THE KORAN

We are grateful to a reader in Turkey who tells us that the Mosque of St Sophia has not been used as a broadcasting station.

He points out that during the Fast of Ramazan electrical texts from the Koran were displayed, and perhaps the wires used for these were mistaken by some people for aerials.

TWO PEOPLE GO TO LAW

And a Dog Decides the Case

Most people think twice before going to law, for the expenses involved are often out of all proportion to the case. Arbitrators are being used more and more, just as countries use the League of Nations instead of the force of armed men.

The C.N. has several times told of cases where the ownership of animals has been involved, and it is obvious that the animals themselves have not much use for legal proceedings. They know their own masters without the help of a jury.

Now we hear from Long Island of two people who each claimed a sheepdog.

"Let the animal himself decide," said the wise magistrate; so the dog was let loose in court. Mrs McShane and Mr Weinberger looked at it, but the dog passed them by.

It sniffed round the strange room till at last it found the friend it loved best in the world.

"The dog belongs to the McShane family," announced the magistrate, for there it was, with its head in the lap of two-year-old Marilyn McShane, obviously delighted to be with its beloved young mistress again.

ARNOLD BENNETT

Now that Arnold Bennett, one of the most industrious of our great storytellers, is gone people are saying that he wrote so easily.

But nothing done well is easy, and it is useless for would-be novelists to think they can get through their task without effort.

We have just been looking at a private letter from Mr Bennett, in his own clear handwriting, and in it he says that he hates work as much as he hates idleness.

It is an old story. Some of the best writing has been done, as it were, at the point of the bayonet.

TREASURE TROVE Good News For Finders

A ROMANTIC TOUCH IN AN OFFICIAL NOTICE

Never did an official notice strike a more romantic note than the new notice about treasure trove.

In future, says the Home Secretary, every finder of treasure trove who reports to the police will receive the full value of his find, or be allowed to keep it.

It has always seemed hard that treasure trove should belong to the Crown and not to the gardener who digs it up among his apple trees, or the schoolboy who grubs it up from the site of an old Roman camp; and since 1886 the finders have received some payment. Now the Crown is being more generous. Last year someone dug up a miser's hoard of gold nobles near Aberystwyth and was rewarded by the full value of £70. The official notice just issued announces something which is already being put into practice.

What is treasure trove? It is not a pearl necklace or a pound note found in the gutter. The man who picks up such things will be charged with stealing-by-finding unless he hurries to the police with his find.

Treasure trove is an object of gold or silver found hidden in the soil or in buildings whose owner cannot be traced, such as the coin of Constantine dug up in the Editor's garden not very long ago. A coroner must decide whether or not it is treasure trove, and the finder of ancient coins or trinkets must report his find to the police or the British Museum.

If a museum wants to purchase the thing discovered the finder will receive its value in money, but if no museum wants it he is free to take it to a dealer or to put it on his mantelpiece.

Alcohol is Bad for You

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 25 1931

How Far a Good Deed Goes

WHO can measure how far a good deed goes? The waves of influence, like the wireless waves, go on and on.

When a song is broadcast we hear it in a fraction of a second; eight minutes later it would be at the Sun. The waves of light travel on; and there are stars so far distant that it will be ten, a hundred, a thousand, a hundred thousand years before the waves could reach them. In a sense such waves have neither measure nor end.

So it is with influence. A poor widow gave two mites as she passed the Temple Treasury in Jerusalem. Jesus, sitting by, happened to notice, and the influence of the widow's mite has gone out into all the Earth and through the centuries. It will be immortal.

Influence is something much coveted. The desire for it lies behind much of the world's striving for wealth and place. Sometimes, when such influence is spoken of, it is a dull and earthly thing, associated with bags of money, whereas influence should be a shining word with the light of heaven in it. Influence, in its genuine and noblest form, is a radiant and starry thing, belonging to lives and deeds of a certain rare quality. Such influence is a matter of character rather than money, and to be influential in that fine way is open to us all.

Often at its loveliest it is unconscious. It is something shining out of some lives because of what they are. "It was easier to be good when she was with us," was the simple epitaph on a girl's memorial stone.

Someone, speaking of an influence on his boyhood, named one of his mates and said: "That boy had a great influence on me; you could never get him to tell a lie." By refusing to traffic in lies that boy had, all unknown to himself, been influential, and the thought of him lived long after he had passed on.

What marvellous influence has the little orphan silk-weaver in Browning's Pippa Passes! As she went along the road singing, her song touched many lives to finer issues. Like a ray of sunlight she sped down the road, and in her presence evil things lost some of their power. It was easier to be good when she was near. Her song was both rebuke and inspiration. Life was sweeter and purer because she passed by. Fame must have seemed the very last thing she could ever win, yet a great poet thought it worth while to use his genius to tell the world of that small orphan.

That is the sort of influence every one of us may covet, and may have. It will live on after we have passed.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Europe My Fatherland

FRESH hope for international friendliness comes from many quarters when we go in search of it.

That young Frenchmen and young Germans of the cultured classes should adopt as their slogan the new cry *Europe My Fatherland* may indeed be a beginning of many better things. Still farther on the way shall we be when we can all cry *The World Our Motherland*, and mean it.

The Mind To Think It Out

WE are sure our good friend the Observer will allow us to quote the verse that has just appeared in its columns about the great puzzle of Life:

The life-force afflicted with doubt
As to what it was bringing about
Cried, Alas I am blind
But I'm making a mind
Which may possibly puzzle it out.

A poet who reads the C.N. sends the lines to us with a note that he thinks them clever and worthy of immortality. So do we.

The Great Curse

WE gave two figures last week quoted from a debate in the House of Commons; here are two more.

11,000,000—the number of men killed in the war.

29,000,000—the number of men, women, and children killed by pestilence, famine, and other war results.

Good Looks in the Factory

THERE is no doubt that improved factory conditions are having a remarkable effect on the appearance of the people who work in them.

The Chief Medical Inspector of Factories has remarked that there are no bad-looking girls in factories now, and that there has been a great improvement in this respect in twenty years.

We fully agree with him. Those in search of really good amusement can hardly do better than take an opportunity of visiting such factories as Rowntree's in York and Cadbury's in Birmingham, or Port Sunlight.

The erection of roomy, well-lighted and ventilated factories means that for a considerable part of their time the workers in them are living under scientifically hygienic conditions.

These conditions, combined with the rise in real wages of the last twenty years, are giving health and therefore beauty to the factory worker. It is good to put these signs of progress against the less favourable features of our civilisation.

The People Who Do Not Care

IT is difficult nowadays to awaken enthusiasm. Even intensive newspaper propaganda can only persuade a poor fifty per cent of an electorate to use their votes. There is an astounding public apathy in regard to the vital problems now facing the nation.

Manchester Guardian

Starving With Plenty

THE other day a rag-picker was carried into Wrexham Hospital suffering from want.

While the nurses were pitying the poor old man police officers took his handcart into safe keeping. Under the rags they found £200.

It is easy to laugh at the man who starved when he might have enjoyed a banquet, but most of us are as bad as he.

The glories of literature; the wonders of the National Gallery; those glamorous walks we might have had if we had got up early; the amazing books of science we never open—are not all these ours to enjoy, and do we not starve ourselves of them?

Tip-Cat

CROSS-COUNTRY runners go out in all weathers. That's what makes them cross.

You can recognise a gentleman at a glance. But he doesn't always recognise you.

OLD gramophones can be renovated, says a writer. Ours always keeps up to the scratch.

If you live in a top flat, we are told, you are a trial to your friends. And if you live in a basement flat you let them down.

FISHERMEN cannot fish when it is stormy. They are weather-beaten.

SOMEONE suggests that house names should be taxed. They often tax the postman.

ALMOST anything can be bought by telephone. If you cannot pay your tradesman cash give him a ring.

EGGS are as expensive now as during the war. But even then we managed to save our bacon.

PEOPLE should not grumble at the East wind, says a doctor. At all events never say Blow.

THE whole rhythm of English life should be changed, someone declares. Cut off at the metre?

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

DURING Sir Wilfred Grenfell's life in Labrador 1400 volunteers have gone out to help him.

A FINE of £500 was imposed last year on a man importing forbidden plumage into this country.

JUST AN IDEA

A bad book goes out of print; bad plays have their deserts; bad pictures disappear; why should bad statues remain for ever in the streets?

The Climbing-Boy

A bundle of old papers has reached us from a Yorkshire garret, and across a hundred years or more they have power to move us to pity.

One of them is dated August 28, 1823, and its police proceedings tell of a complaint made before the Leeds Magistrate.

MR JOHN CLAPHAM, junior, appeared to make a complaint against a wretched little sweep, a poor climbing-boy, who had been detected in his garden, near Woodhouse Bar, that morning, stealing a few apples. The complainant stated that as the boy did not belong to Leeds he thought it better to have him brought up, so that he might be sent back to his master.

The poor little fellow, who appeared reduced to the last stage of starvation, in answer to questions from the magistrate, said his master resided at Barnsley; that he was sent out by the overseers of Hoyland, to which place he belonged; that he had been a climbing-boy half a year and had run away because he wanted a better trade. In answer to another question he began to weep, and said he was very hungry.

The worthy magistrate seemed greatly to commiserate the little fellow's case, and remarked (turning toward Mr Clapham) "they talk of slavery in the West Indies, but here is a specimen of a worse kind of slavery than that which is practised among the Negroes." The boy was ordered to be kindly treated till inquiry could be made after him.

In another column of the same paper appears a report of the adjourned proceedings, in which we read of the boy's exciting adventure on the roofs.

The chimney-sweeper's boy was brought up again on a fresh charge. It appeared that, not exactly relishing his new lodgings in our gaol, which were on the ground floor, and in which was a fireplace, he awoke in the night, and, mounting the chimney, made his exit out at the top. From the roof of the Rotation-office he descended to the adjoining one of Messrs Deacon, Harrison, and Company's warehouse, and from thence into the premises of Dunbar and Walsh, marble-cutters. Here (not having taken the precaution to supply himself with his clothes) he wrapped himself in a jacket which he found upon the table and made off. Having obtained employment from a master-sweeper in the town, and as he said he liked his new situation better than his old one, he was suffered to return to it.

Things have improved since those days. Happily, our climbing-boys have gone—or they do their climbing out of doors and not in the chimney.

A Soldier's Prayer

O King, give unto us Thy rest,
Father and King.
O Law, give us the eternal life of law,
For Thou art Law.
O Light, give ever unto us Thy light,
For Thou art Light.
O Peace, give unto us eternal peace,
For Thou art Peace.

The prayer of a soldier of Charlemagne

SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN LAND THAT IS FOR EVER ENGLAND

The Sacred Grave of a Poet in the Land of Poetry

RUPERT BROOKE IN GREECE

It was a happy thought of poets and lovers of poetry to set up a memorial to Rupert Brooke in Greece.

The mothers of C.N. readers must remember the bitter blow to England when Rupert Brooke died at Lemnos on an April day of 1915. His sonnet *If I Should Die* had already been taken to the heart of the English people as one of the greatest sonnets ever written by a man to his country, and after his death it became unforgettable.

High and Beautiful of Soul

Rupert Brooke had that quality for which the ancient Greeks had a word meaning high and beautiful of soul. He was himself a great lover of classic poetry and art and felt intensely uplifted and happy when he found himself in the Aegean Sea among the Greek islands, in sight of what he called the holy land of Attica, of which it has been said that having seen it a man might be ready to die.

He could see at dusk the shepherds' fires on the hills, and he would not have been surprised to see at dawn the goddess Hera in her golden chariot alighting on Mount Olympus. He was there in the early months of the year, and witnessed the swift miracle of the Greek springtime, the crocuses and rock hyacinths, the anemones and narcissi coming out with the first softening of the ground.

In the Shadow of an Olive Grove

And he died there on that April day, at the very source and cradle of the beauty of the world. They buried him on Skyros, that island washed by the glittering sea, in the shadow of an olive grove, with one of the olive trees weeping above his head. A plain slab of marble lies on the grave, with an inscription in ancient Greek to the high-souled and beautiful spirit.

For some time it had seemed to lovers of Greece and poetry that a memorial should be set up on Skyros to Rupert Brooke. The Prime Minister of Greece, M. Venizelos, headed the movement, and men of letters in England took up the cause. The Hellenic Government gave a beautiful block of Pentelic marble toward the memorial. Presently a sufficient sum of money was raised (£2000), and a well-known Greek sculptor, M. Michel Tombros, was asked to carve the monument.

Immortal Poetry

It has taken the form of an allegorical figure in bronze which is supposed to represent Immortal Poetry. On an April day just past a company of distinguished men of letters from all countries gathered in Skyros to see the memorial unveiled and to strew flowers in that corner of a foreign land that is for ever England. On the base of the statue are inscribed the words:

To Rupert Brooke, the young English poet, who was a noble friend of Greece and of immortal poetry.

It seemed that this man could never be imprisoned by death and time. He had the strongest sense of the immortality of the spirit and the mysterious continuity of human life. Those who stood by on Skyros looking on the windy sea and thinking of other Aprils when the poet's body was alive must have remembered, of all his verses, most of all the matchless sonnet beginning "Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the grave."

A GOLDEN DEED

ONE of the coolest and most gallant deeds chronicled in our time has won the Edward Medal for Arthur Devere Thomas.

Ernest Percival was dismantling a wooden staging fixed across the track of the Metropolitan Railway Station at King's Cross when he slipped and fell 20 feet. He lay unconscious across the permanent way of the Inner Circle line with his head close to the negative rail of the electrified system.

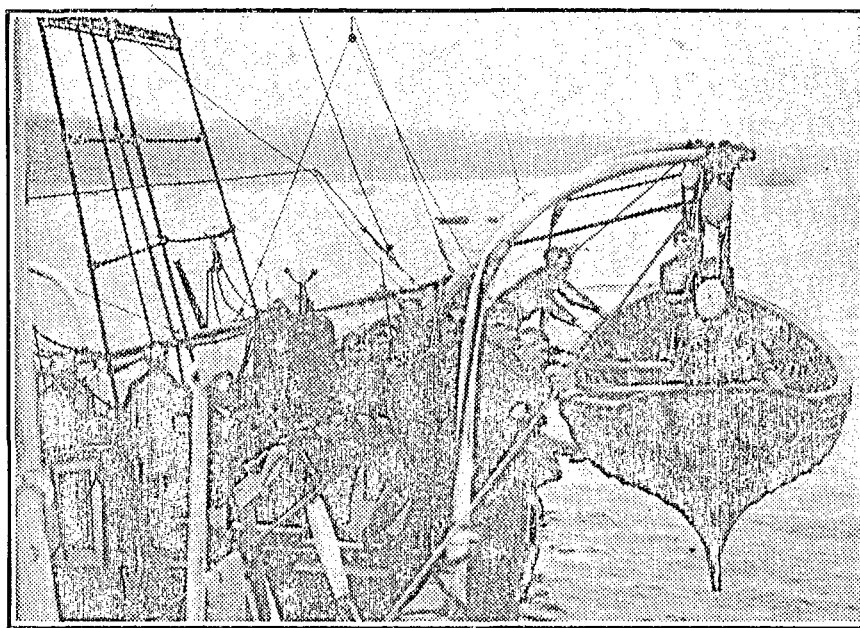
Thomas saw the fall and heard a down train approaching the curve. No one knew the danger of going near Percival better than Thomas, who was acting as

flag man for the protection of the workers. He might have told himself "There is no time to do anything. It is no use sacrificing another life. Mercifully the man is unconscious."

But instead he leaped from the platform and, running across two positive and two negative rails carrying 600 volts, he snatched Percival up almost from under the wheels of the train. Then, with wonderful coolness and presence of mind, he held the unconscious man in a small recess in the wall while the train passed within a few inches of them.

It was truly a golden deed, well worthy of the Edward Medal.

SEAMEN OF TOMORROW



Lowering a boat



Rowing to the Triton

Forty boys are being trained for the Merchant Service at the Gravesend Sea School. There is an establishment on shore, but the practical seamanship is learned on the Triton, shown in these pictures.

THE ROBOT AT THE EXCHANGE

A VERY practical use has been found for talking pictures by one of the big American telephone companies.

As in England telephones are undergoing the change from the old system to the automatic. The telephone operator is disappearing, one subscriber getting into touch with the other by operating a dial.

It must happen in a change-over of this magnitude that a telephone exchange at some time becomes partly equipped with the new dial system, while part remains of the ordinary system in which the operator is rung up and asked for the number.

The Bell Telephone Company has lately perfected a delightful idea. The mere turning of the dial by the sub-

scriber sets in motion at the exchange a piece of talking film which calls out the wanted number. Films which will reproduce the various numerals and call letters are mounted on a big drum, inside which is a lamp sending rays of light through the sound picture; the rays fall on a photo-cell, and this in turn sets a loud speaker going.

As the subscriber makes his call by turning the dial so the drum rotates into the necessary positions, and the film calls out the number wanted to the distant exchange. In this way exchanges fitted with the old method are coupled up with automatic exchanges.

It is a real example of the robot, and after prolonged and successful tests is being adopted on a wide scale.

A VERY GALLANT FRENCHMAN

HOW HE SAILED AWAY

The Fourth Friend on an Island Who Gave His Life For Three

PIERRE QUILLIVIC

It is nearly twelve years since a very gallant gentleman walked out of a tent near the South Pole, saying to Captain Scott that he might be some time. But he never returned, for he walked out to die, knowing that without him his companions had a chance of reaching help.

Now another brave man has gone out to meet Death as Captain Oates did, not in the snow and cold of the Antarctic, but on a small volcanic island in the Indian Ocean.

The island of St Paul does not cover three square miles. Nothing grows there but a kind of rush; the water supply is a small brackish stream; but on its shores are thousands of rock lobsters, a delicacy in great demand in some restaurants.

Two Important Things Overlooked

The news of the island and its lobsters reached a French company, who established a factory there in 1928. The scheme was to tin 26,000 lobsters a day, and a vast profit was expected. Everything was arranged to the smallest detail, the factory, the accommodation of the workmen, their food; only two important things were overlooked—fire and bad weather.

In 1929 the first batch of men was relieved and sent home, a second taking their place. Toward the end of the year there was a persistent rumour that the island had disappeared, but an English ship, the *Euripides*, found it and left provisions there.

But the French company now realised that conditions were too difficult, and it decided to withdraw. The plant was so valuable, however, that they came to terms with seven volunteers to remain behind, and then the tragedy began.

How the Tragedy Began

One of the seven was a woman, and early last year she had a baby, the little mite not living more than a few weeks. Persistent storms delayed the relief ship, and one night fire broke out, damaging and destroying their provisions.

There were lobsters all around, but they were all the people had, and shell fish are dangerous if eaten in any great quantity. As it was, scurvy (that plague of the old sailing ships when fresh food could not be preserved on board) broke out on the island. One man died, then another, and then the woman's husband.

Provisions were running very short. Could they hold out till the relief ship called? There was not much left for the four survivors.

Pierre Sets Out to Sea

"Three will stand a better chance," thought Pierre Quillivic as he dressed himself one morning in his grand embroidered waistcoat and settled his Breton hat at a jaunty angle on his head. To look at him he might have been off to some village fête.

He stepped into his flimsy cockleshell of a boat, turned with a smile on his lips to wave to the three who watched, and then set out to sea.

And that is all that is known of Pierre Quillivic; that was the last that was seen of him. He must have known that it must be so. He waved good-bye to his friends and turned to meet Death alone. A month later the relief ship reached the island and took off the two men and the woman. They were weak, but alive—the provisions had been enough for three.

Pierre Quillivic is among the heroes.

GREATEST FEAT IN ENGLISH JOURNALISM

ORIGIN OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

How Defoe Turned a Sailor's Story Into a Masterpiece

200 YEARS OF FAME

Two hundred years ago, on April 26, 1731, died Daniel Defoe, first of great English journalists and author of perhaps the greatest story ever published originally as a serial. Its publication began on October 17, 1719, and it was completed on October 19, 1720. It made its publisher's fortune.

"In the English novel," says Professor Phelps, "there is no early development from crudity to perfection, from simple to complex; the thing began with an immortal masterpiece: Robinson Crusoe."

While the name Crusoe seems to have been suggested to Defoe by a fellow-student at Stoke Newington Academy the original was Alexander Selkirk, a British sailor who was marooned in 1704 on the lonely island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile.

Selkirk's Romantic Story

Sailing-master of a ship out to plunder French and Spanish vessels he quarrelled with the captain and at his own request was put ashore with some stores. He quickly realised his folly, but it was only after 52 months, when two privateering vessels under Captain Woodes Rogers called at the island, that he was rescued. When, after sharing their adventures, he finally returned to England he had a romantic story to tell, and Defoe, like the true journalist he was, apparently sought out Selkirk and got possession of his papers. He was in no hurry to use the material and when he did so it was not in biographical but in novel form.

Publishers are not always good judges of masterpieces, and Robinson Crusoe, like many another great book, was refused by several before it was accepted by Mr William Taylor, at The Ship, in Paternoster Row. The original title-page is not without interest:

THE
LIFE
AND
STRANGE SURPRISING
ADVENTURES
OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE

of York, Mariner,

who lived eight and twenty years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the mouth of the Great River of Oronoque! Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself.

With
an account how he was at last as strangely delivered by
Pyrates.

Written by Himself

Selkirk, like Crusoe, built two huts. Among his stores he found clothing, gunpowder, a firelock, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, mathematical instruments, and a Bible. When all the gunpowder was used he chased the wild goats of the island on foot and grew swift-footed enough to capture them. Like Crusoe he kept a number and tamed them.

Some Slips in Defoe's Narrative

He also "employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying, so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before."

Selkirk cut on trees "the time of his being left and his continuance there"; and Crusoe had his post with notches. He, too, was pestered with cats, some

A FRENCH CRITIC GOES AGLEY

Resources of Our Tight Little Island

NOT YET PLAYED OUT

By a Business Correspondent

M André Siegfried, a well-known French economist, seems to be seriously concerned for the future of this country, and says so in lively terms.

It is a pity, therefore, that he should utter some very elementary fallacies. He seems to think, as many others have done, that the great English economist Jevons prophesied British coal exhaustion. Actually Jevons specifically disavowed any such prophecy.

What Jevons pointed out was that, in the nature of the case, England could not look for indefinite commercial expansion at the rate of progress which obtained when he wrote in 1865. M Siegfried is also wrong about water-power and oil. He says: "The coal supply has not become exhausted, as was feared, but it no longer enjoys its unique position, for oil and hydro-electric power are wresting from it a growing share of its former domain."

Coal Still the Arbiter

The fact is that hydro-electric power is a small thing in relation to coal power, even in the United States, and the world's supplies of natural mineral oil are exceedingly limited. The over-production of petroleum in our time is a mere flash in the pan, due to the uncontrolled folly of producers. Coal is still the arbiter of industrial greatness.

While it is true that America has enormously greater supplies of coal than we have England is the only area in the world which combines the advantages of magnificent coal, near fine ports, in a favourable geographical position. That is to say, England is still a peculiarly favoured workshop; it is in truth the world's finest power unit. M Siegfried reads into our natural resources a condition of relative inferiority which is the very reverse of the truth.

Our tight little island is not played out yet!

Continued from the previous column

of which became tame, and "when his clothes wore out he made himself a coat and cap of goatskins."

Unlike Selkirk, Crusoe never taught his cats to dance, and his island was in the Caribbean Sea while Selkirk's was in the Pacific. No savages troubled Selkirk, nor had he any Man Friday. His stay was only a little more than four years, whereas Crusoe's lasted twenty-eight years.

Critics pointed out slips in the narrative. Defoe, for instance, in the first edition made Crusoe fill his pockets with biscuits when he was naked! And though in the next edition he clothed him in breeches critics still pointed out that "the pocket of a seaman's breeches being no bigger than a tobacco pouch could not hold any biscuits." The author was also criticised for representing sea-going as an act of folly and even of wickedness.

Robinson Crusoe has been a prime favourite with generations of boys and girls. It has often been their first book. Sir James Barrie, in the charming account he wrote of his mother Margaret Ogilvie, says: "We read many books together when I was a boy, Robinson Crusoe being the first and the second." Arabian Nights should have been the next, for they got it out of the library (a penny for three days), but on discovering that they were nights "when we had paid for Knights we sent that volume packing and I have curled my lips at it ever since."

ROB ROY ADVENTURE

Story of a Bottle at Sea

A MEMORY OF LONG AGO

Rob Roy was a familiar name to schoolboys of fifty years ago. It was the pen-name under which John Macgregor wrote for the Boy's Own Paper.

A C.N. reader who has been reading our recent story of a bottle at sea recalls once meeting this schoolboy's hero, who showed his visitors a lemonade bottle containing a letter of which he told the following story.

"Just after I was born my father was sent out in command of some troops for Barbados, and my mother and I sailed with him. We had only reached the Bay of Biscay when the ship caught fire. We were caught like rats in a trap, and there was no hope of our being saved. My father wrote a note describing our desperate situation and put it inside a lemonade bottle. Then, commending us to the care of God, he threw the bottle overboard.

Friends in Need

"Shortly after a vessel hove in sight. It was manned and owned by seamen who had refused to work on Sundays in Woolwich Dockyard. This strange ship's crew proved to be friends indeed to us in this dire time of need. When all aboard the troopship were at the point of perishing in the flames they managed, at the risk of their own lives, to save us all, and we were taken back to England.

"Some months later two bathers off Barbados saw a bottle floating on the water. Noticing that there was a letter inside it they took it ashore and gave it to the Governor of the island, who, upon reading it, exclaimed: 'Why, this is the Macgregor who is coming out here, and is now on his way!'

"You can imagine the surprise of my father and mother when, on landing after their second attempt to reach Barbados, they were presented with the bottle my father had thrown into the Bay of Biscay, never dreaming that he would survive to tell the tale."

ROAD KILLING IN FRANCE

Terrible Increase

The increase of motoring in France is leading to a great increase in road accidents and fatalities. It is said that in the last six years 15,000 persons have been killed and over 300,000 persons have been injured.

What is even more serious is that the number of deaths is rising rapidly. In 1929 the number was 3700, but it is estimated that in 1930 the number was far higher. In 1924 the number of deaths was 1600, so that in five years road fatalities more than doubled.

NEW ROADS IN THE ALPS

Austria is doing a work of international importance.

Instead of giving a dole to her idle men she is building good roads over the Eastern Alps, to the great content of all who have to cross them.

A great road connecting the provinces of Salzburg and Carinthia was begun last year; it is hoped to finish it this year, and then Munich will be an ordinary day's motor run from Venice.

Another new road, fifty miles long, is being made between Eastern Austria, Hungary, Poland, and Italy. Three-quarters of it will be in Styria, crossing the difficult Pack Saddle, through wild and beautiful scenery.

This spring a very ambitious project will mature. The road from Bad Aussee to Obertraun will be widened and carried forward as a first-class motor road to the Caverns of Dachstein; and it will actually pass through these wonderful ice-caves down to the road at the other side.

FRIENDS OF EXETER

WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN DOING

Three Lovely Things Saved For the West Country

A MIRACLE OF FRESHNESS

The Friends of Exeter Cathedral have been feeling very pleased with the result of their work this year. They have caused to be cleared up two lovely wall paintings and the effigy of good Bishop Bronescombe.

Bishop Bronescombe was one of the building bishops of Exeter. He took in hand the transforming of the Norman church, and when he died in 1280, after about ten years' work, the bishops who followed were able to carry on the labour until the beautiful cathedral, Gothic with Norman towers, was finished. The Lady Chapel is mainly Bishop Bronescombe's work.

A Beautiful Effigy

After his death his effigy, most beautifully decorated in gold and rich colour, was placed in the Lady Chapel. Two hundred years later someone thought fit to repaint it so that it would match another tomb in the Lady Chapel. Then, at the time of the Reformation, several coatings of white were laid on these tombs.

In the nineteenth century the white paint and the fifteenth-century paint were carefully taken away and the original painting revealed. Time passed. A good deal of dust and grime settled on the early work. Presently a coat of varnish was put on, fastening in the dust and grime. The Friends of Exeter Cathedral have had both varnish and dirt cleaned away, and now the lovely old effigy is shining in beauty and freshness, a miracle of preservation through so many generations of change.

The Last of Their Kind

The two other good works of the Friends are even more marvellous. They have caused to be cleaned and restored to view two fifteenth-century frescoes, one at the entrance to the Lady Chapel and the other in the north transept. For centuries these have only been dimly visible through coats of limewash, varnish, and dirt. They are now revealed as most exquisite works of art of the period, lovely in themselves and also of historic and romantic value because they were the last of their kind to be painted.

One of them, the Coronation of the Virgin, is a painting to be looked at with love and reverence and also with pride by West Country people, for it helps to establish the theory that Exeter was the centre of a great culture which produced so many lovely paintings in the Devonshire churches.

Halo of Baby Angels

The Virgin, with a strange, long smiling face and pale gold hair, stands dressed in an exquisite embroidered robe, over her head and falling on either side to the ground a decoration of long golden spikes. Baby angels make a halo for her all round the gold spikes. On either hand are groups of figures in tiers—kings and queens, soldiers and monks. Above her are God the Father and the Son, looking like pictures of Edward the Confessor, and a little red shining figure, supposed to represent the Holy Ghost, surmounting the whole picture.

We should go a long way to find a finer example of ancient art than this; and all England—the West Country particularly—is most thankful to the Friends of Exeter Cathedral for their good work.

Face the Danger

Walk Left on the Pavements
and Right on the Roads

April 25, 1931

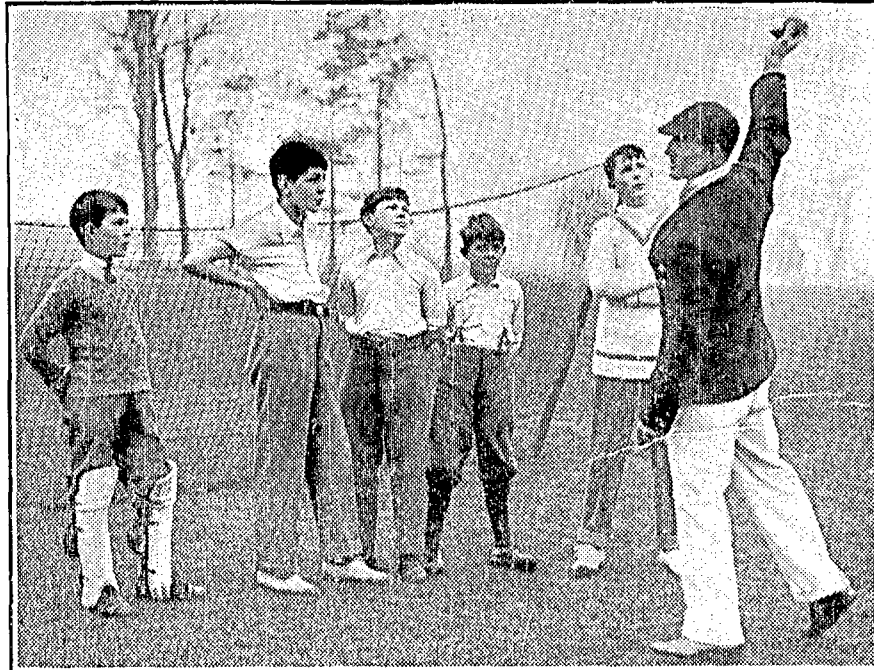
The Children's Newspaper

9

CRICKET ONCE MORE · AN AIRMAN'S LECTURE · MAKE-BELIEVE MARINERS



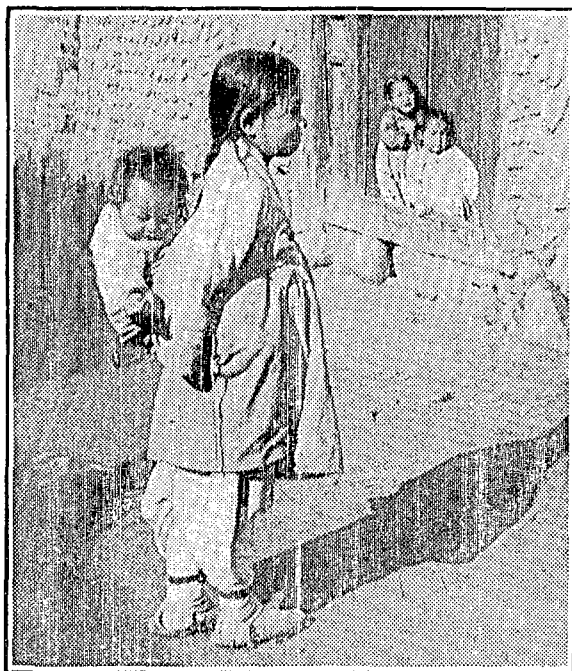
An Airman's Lecture—The pilot of an autogiro, or windmill plane, explains his machine to a party of interested schoolboys at Luton in the course of an educational tour of England.



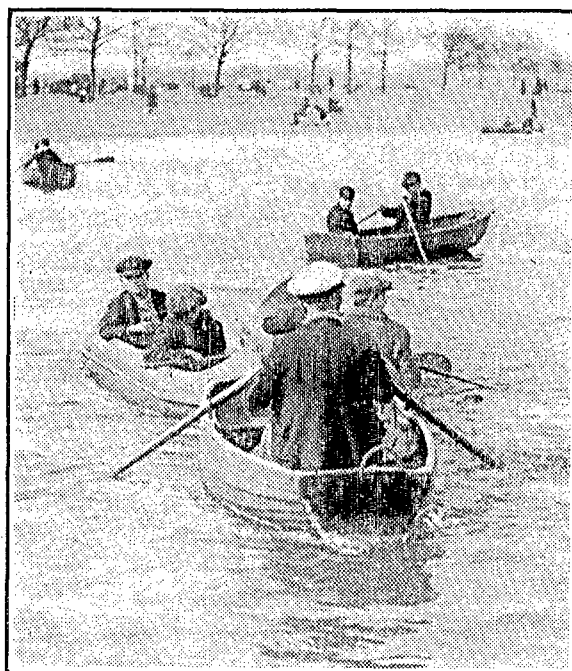
Getting Ready for Cricket—These boys are determined to be prepared for the season just opening. They are receiving a lesson in bowling from Andy Ducat, the Surrey cricketer.



Girl Riders in Hyde Park—It will be noticed in this striking picture, taken in Rotten Row, that the majority of the riders are girls.



Sisters—In Korea, as in every other country, Big Sister often has to look after Baby Sister. This little one is riding comfortably in a shawl fastened on Big Sister's back.



Make-Believe Mariners—The pond at Wanstead Flats is an imaginary ocean for the London boys whose delight it is to paddle their boats there, as in this picture.



Friend of the Squirrels—This girl is a good friend of the squirrels in Kensington Gardens, where she goes every day to feed these attractive little creatures.

COME INTO THE OPEN DERBYSHIRE'S SUNSHINE SCHOOLS

The Great Schoolmaster Who
Teaches in His Own Way

LEARNING A JOY

There is a great schoolmaster at work in Derbyshire, though he does not teach reading, writing, or arithmetic. His object lessons are the schools themselves.

He is Mr G. H. Widdows, the architect of the Derbyshire County Council, who is building all Derbyshire's new schools. To begin with he turns them inside out, for all the schools the county is now to have will be Open-Air Schools.

They will be something more than that. Open-air lessons are given in many a town school—in the playgrounds, which are too often depressing areas of tar macadam with nothing to look upon except the railings or the walls. Round the schools which Mr Widdows prescribes are gardens with flowers to which the eyes can stray and be none the worse for it. In the gardens of two of the schools are actually fishponds.

The First Thing Necessary

• There are other things about these schools to make town children whose lives are spent in dull streets and drab surroundings think of them as rather delightful places. But the great idea is to make them healthy so as to keep the schoolchildren sound in body and active in mind.

The first requirement is fresh air.

Children at a good many existing open-air schools are sent to them because they are ill enough to need them. The Derbyshire schools are provided to prevent disease rather than to cure it.

Fresh air, though children cannot have too much of it, must be given to them with a proper kind of ventilation. The new schools are therefore built so that the air may pass through the classroom from side to side. Some are planned round an inside garden. The children at their classes look on something that is like the garden of a cathedral cloister. Put a sundial among the flowers and the resemblance is complete.

Allowing for Climatic Changes

From their classrooms the children look under verandahs to this green and flowery oasis in the worst weather. The ventilation, provided by open glass doors under the verandahs, is adjustable, as is necessary in a climate like ours, which can furnish such surprises as were lately experienced in March. Fresh air, but not bitter draughts of it, is carefully provided by the construction of the panels of the doors. The lighting is independently arranged. It comes from inclined skylights which run the whole length of the classroom. These skylights let the light in from above with the least obstruction from the smoky atmosphere which will surround the best-planned schools in towns.

Fresh Air Without Draughts

Lighting of this kind is better in quality as well as superior in quantity to that which comes from vertical windows at the sides of a room. These fanlights can be swung so as to contribute to the supply of air.

Having thus furnished air without unnecessary draughts the next necessary provision is to keep the atmosphere warm. No children can fix their attention on the teacher, or can even take much interest in the garden, except as a place of escape, if the thermometer is near freezing-point. So Derbyshire takes a hint from the old Romans, who built hypocausts for their dwellings in inclement Britain as well as for their hot baths.

In this way the floor of the schoolroom is warmed. The whole of the floor is treated as a large radiator with a surface

LOVE OF ENGLAND HOW THEY FEEL ABOUT IT FAR AWAY

Little Memories Stirred By
Pictures of the Motherland

A VOICE FROM AUSTRALIA

The C.N. has many readers in the Dominions beyond the seas, some born in England, some only English by heredity, and they often make us feel how great is their love and delight in the Motherland.

Here is an example from the pen of Mrs Daisy Bates, our lonely correspondent in Australia, who has been living for many years on the edge of civilisation, caring for the aboriginal natives. Mrs Bates loves England as a mother whom she has not seen for half a lifetime and may not see again.

We love your C.N. pictures; we have not enough Home pictures in Australia. Perhaps some day time and prosperity will divert England's picture treasures to Australia instead of America.

The value of beautiful pictures is immeasurable. My mind goes back to a Loan Exhibition which was held in Melbourne in the late eighties. From among them all one picture stands out, Vicat Cole's Ripening Sunbeams.

An English Cornfield

A little party of us visited the Exhibition daily, each having her favourite among the collection, but as we were all British we mostly inclined to Constable, Birket Foster, and Vicat Cole. One day while we were sitting and absorbing the lovely English cornfield that Vicat Cole's genius brought before us an elderly couple came into the room, and the bright eyes of the little woman sighted a familiar picture of her girlhood.

"Oh, James, look at this," she said. "Isn't this our own little field? Oh, dear, dear country!"

We stood to make room for them in front of their cornfield which the artist had painted so faithfully. Over in one corner there was still a slight green tinge in the ripening wheat. "That corner was always the last to ripen," said the little pioneer woman. Every landmark so faithfully reproduced had memories for her, and she drew her husband's attention to them all.

Landscapes of the Homeland

Farming pioneers, both of them, and who can tell the influence of those Ripening Sunbeams on this couple when at length they drew themselves away from the picture and, carrying it in their minds and hearts, returned to their little home in Australian country, so different in their eyes from Home, and yet endeavouring to pioneer it into an English farm home overseas.

We came away that day assured that that one incident made the Exhibition worth while, and on subsequent days we saw many such pioneers gathering round the English landscapes and taking in their homely, lovely bits of the beloved England. In every pioneer home landscapes cut out from some English paper are hung about living-room and kitchen. Beautiful pictures of familiar places, church or village, stream or wood, of Home, appeal to the hearts of British pioneers in every part of our great Dominions.

The Cubist monstrosities of today (adds Mrs Bates) find no place in hut or cottage or farm, and never will as long as our race keeps its soul alive.

Continued from the previous column

temperature of 70 deg. Fahrenheit, which is attained by a special arrangement of hot-water pipes. Feet are kept warm, heads are kept cool, the air is kept fresh and circulating.

Derbyshire's new schools as planned by Mr Widdows almost make us want to go to school again. A garden to look upon, a sundial to count only the sunlit hours, perhaps a fishpond—it all sounds so pleasant.

There are lessons, of course, but one must take the rough with the smooth.

A GENERAL ELECTION WITHOUT TEARS

Why Not By Wireless?

A correspondent who has read the peaceful and happy pages of the C.N. for many years and has fortified his powers of reasoning with the Children's Encyclopedia writes to us to suggest a scheme for a General Election which might add to it both sweetness and light.

It should be carried out by wireless, he says.

When the Party in office decides that it can no longer carry on and resolves on a dissolution it should call its members together and draw up a programme to be set before the electors.

Other leaders of other Parties should do the same, and every candidate of every shade of political opinion should be prepared to set forward his views on the main points at issue. These might be Foreign Policy, Taxation, Unemployment, or any burning social question.

Speech Without Interruption

Then in each constituency the various candidates would meet in a central hall where suitable arrangements for broadcasting would be made. Each candidate should be encouraged to speak for half an hour on a selected subject, as outlined above, and his utterances should be relayed to other halls in the constituency where electors who could not get in at the central hall might assemble.

There should be an independent chairman to rule out personalities and invite the speakers to stick to the subject in hand.

Our correspondent believes by this subdued programme of oratory disturbances at the meetings would be eliminated, because those who did not approve of the sentiments uttered would hardly feel it worth while to interrupt a speaker they could not see.

No one would try to shout down a Loud Speaker!

A Utopian Project

The C.N. may add, though the suggestion does not come from our correspondent, that still further quietude would be ensured if the speeches were merely relayed to the homes of the electors. A man by his own fireside, however he might be exasperated by some of the views expressed, would not do more than express disapprobation politely to his own wireless set.

Our correspondent suggests a sort of discussion to be agreed upon. For example, the candidates might speak in turn on Free Trade versus Protection at the first meeting. At other meetings they might outline their views and opinions of their own Party's policy, and contrast it with that of the others.

By this means everybody would be brought to listen to everybody else's views. Heckling would be cut out, and the knell of the uproarious Party meeting would be sounded.

It is a Utopian scheme, but we fear that even an idealist like Mr H. G. Wells would think it too good to come true. The General Election would be shorn of its tears, but it would lose some of that personal element which is one of the reasons which make John Bull enjoy it.

ELECTRICAL FARMERS

Up to 1925 there were only 500 farmers using electricity in all Great Britain. Today there are 3500. This is an excellent increase, but we must not be satisfied until the number is hundreds of thousands. It is said that abroad there are no less than 1,500,000 farmers who have electrified their farms. The United States now has over 600,000.

A hundred Kent Scouts spent their Easter holiday in Spain.

Miss Polly Gadsby, aged 94, has worked for a Leicester firm of elastic web-makers for 85 years, and refuses to accept a pension.

THE LEAGUE AND THE CALENDAR

MAKING THINGS EASIER

C.N. Reader's Plan For a New
Scheme of the Year

KEEPING THE MONTHS

An unknown American has made a gift of £2000 toward the League's work on Calendar Reform. Societies in many countries have been set up to urge forward this scheme, and it will meet its fate one way or the other at the General Transit Conference next October.

Mr W. H. Hickman, of Farnborough, Hants, who has been thinking the matter out, sends us a scheme which appears to be entirely practicable, and we therefore pass it on to the public.

Any reorganisation of the Calendar will cause many plans to be brought forward and will create warm discussion. The sooner such discussion begins the better. The plan that appeared to have the most approval when last the Calendar was being discussed was a 13-months arrangement with 28 days in each month and an extra day to make up the 365, with a leap year day as now. A drawback to this arrangement is that the year does not break up naturally into the half-years and quarters that business life is accustomed to.

A Drawback Excluded

Mr Hickman's plan excludes this drawback. He suggests that the twelve months should be retained with their names. His two first months of each Quarter would have 28 days, or four weeks, and the third month of each Quarter 35 days, or five weeks, thus retaining the 13 weeks for each Quarter. This would total up 364 days, leaving an extra day each year outside the numbered days of the weeks and months. This day he would call Nil Day, put it at the end of the year, and not number it. Also every fourth year there would be a Leap Day in Leap Year. This he would also put at the end of the year unnumbered. He suggests that Christmas Day should be kept on the last numbered day of the year. Then would follow Nil Day, and Leap Day in Leap Year, and the New Year would begin again with Sunday, January 1.

The Two Outcasts

This would mean that the days of the week would always have the same series of numbers in the month. Sundays would be 1, 8, 15, 22, and (in the Quarter Month) 29. Saturday would always in every month be 7, 14, 21, 28, and 35 in the Quarter Month. The Nil Day and Leap Day would be outcasts from the numberings of the weeks and months, but would fall in their places as the 365th and 366th days of the year. The figures of the calendar would thus everlastingly recur in weekly sequences.

April 1 is suggested for Easter Sunday. June 1 for Whit Sunday; Bank Holidays on April 2, June 2, August 2, and October 2; Christmas Day December 35, with Nil Day and Leap Day following as Bank Holidays.

Here is the proposed perpetual Calendar for the year, the ordinary month being on the left and the Quarter Month on right.

S	1	8	15	22	S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	W	4	11	18	25	32
T	5	12	19	26	T	5	12	19	26	33
F	6	13	20	27	F	6	13	20	27	34
S	7	14	21	28	S	7	14	21	28	35

It seems to us worth some thought and argument, and we commend it to the consideration of the League and its supporters.

CORVUS THE CROW

REMARKABLE CHANGE OF BRIGHTNESS

A Giant Twenty Million Times as Far as Our Sun

LEGENDARY ASSOCIATION WITH THE FLOOD

By the C.N. Astronomer

The curious constellation of Corvus the Crow may now be seen almost due south at 10 o'clock.

It will be found about a third of the way up from the horizon toward overhead, the distinctive arrangement of its four chief stars being recognised at once with the aid of our star-map.

These stars are of medium and almost equal brightness and form roughly a rectangle. This does not at first sight suggest a bird; but with the fainter stars we can certainly see something like a crow pecking the ground.

It is remarkable that this constellation should have been known nearly all the world over, and from the most ancient times,

as a bird. According to the ancient Greeks the Crow was made into a constellation by Apollo; the Romans knew it as the Raven, and the ancient Chinese as the Red Bird. It has also been known as the Desert Bird and the Storm Bird by various ancient peoples, and by the Hebrews as Noah's Raven.

Indeed this constellation's association with the Biblical account of the Flood is remarkable, the bird representing Noah's Raven, which, finding no dry land on which to alight, rested on the great sea-serpent. This is known as the very long constellation of Hydra, which extends east and west right across the sky below Corvus; and on one of its coils the bird is represented as resting and pecking.

It happens that the famous constellation of the Southern Cross is due south of Corvus, but some way below the horizon, at the present time. The five leading stars of Corvus are singular nowadays because they suggest some remarkable change of brightness in the course of the last 300 years. The observer will see that Gamma is now the brightest of the stars, instead of coming third, as should be the case according to their Greek nomenclature.

A Sun 325 Light-Years Distant

It would also appear that Alpha is growing fainter, for now it is fifth in order of brightness, instead of first. In 1783 Sir William Herschel estimated Alpha to be fourth in order of brightness and very little different from Gamma, Beta, and Delta.

Alpha is the nearest of all these suns and, according to spectroscopic measurement, is 62 light-years distant. It is therefore nearly four million times as far away as our Sun.

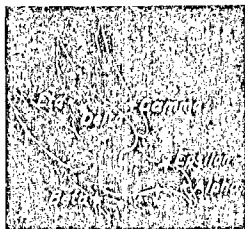
The other fourth-magnitude star, Eta, comes next in point of distance, its light taking 78 years to reach us, so that this sun, actually much larger than ours, is just over five million times as far away.

The light from the great sun Beta in Corvus takes 116 years to reach us, so is 7,366,000 times as far as our Sun; Epsilon is 7,937,000 times as far, the light from this great stellar furnace taking 125 years to reach us.

Delta in Corvus is most interesting, being composed of two great suns, one a giant sun radiating between 200 and 250 times as much light and heat as our Sun. This is a colossal golden sun; the much smaller one has a pale lilac tint.

The larger one has been found to be at the immense distance of some 325 light-years, and is therefore 20,600,000 times as far as our Sun.

G. F. M.



The stars of Corvus the Crow shown in relation to the imaginary bird

C. L. N.

Halfway Through the Third Ten Thousand

Number of Members—25,189

We are halfway through our Third Ten Thousand. The Children's League of Nations is getting on, thanks to the efforts of members in the North, South, East, and West of the world who are determined to strike whatever blow they can against war.

Here is a list of countries where members will rejoice at the good news of the rapid progress we are making.

Australia, Argentina, Africa (South, East, West, and Central), Belgium, Canada, Ceylon, China, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Fiji, France, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland, India, Italy, Japan, Malaya, Malta, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Papua, Palestine, Persia, Portugal, Rumania, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Straits Settlements, Tasmania, United States of America, West Indies.

A Mighty Ring of Peace

It seems a very short time since we spoke of the dream of the founders of the C.L.N. to bring the boys and girls of every country into a mighty ring of peace which should be the hope of the world, and the dream is becoming a reality. We are throwing a chain of friendship round the world, and are overcoming the ignorance which leads to misunderstanding and prejudice, and sometimes, in the end, to war.

Will members please make another special effort to complete our Third Ten Thousand? A good start has already been made, for Monica Drummond, a niece of Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General of the League of Nations, is one of the latest recruits to join. Who will be the next?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Ada Leigh—page 4

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is the Plural of Crocus?

Crocuses is the correct plural.

What is a Split Infinitive?

The insertion of an adverb between the word "to" and the verb as in the phrase To meekly-obey.

What Does the Near East Mean?

This is a loose geographical expression for the Balkan States, Turkey, and the countries bordering the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

Why Are the Towers Supporting Cables Called Pylons?

The word pylon was first used for the truncated pyramid through which the ancient Egyptian gateway was pierced. Our pylons somewhat resemble the hieroglyphic sign for a pylon.

Why Does the Setting Sun Appear to Travel Faster?

This illusion is due to the fact that we have a definite object, the horizon, with which to compare its movement. Time, too, probably passes more rapidly because we are interested.

How Does Snow Differ From Hail?

Snow is the form taken by moisture in the air frozen while condensing and resembles hoar frost. Hail is formed after the moisture has condensed into actual drops of rain which are frozen by being blown up into the very cold upper air.

A STORK IN SAD TROUBLE

The Ring That Was Too Small

Much useful and interesting information concerning birds and their journeyings has been obtained by placing marked rings on the legs of migratory birds, but that this is a practice which needs watching is shown by a story from our Cape Town correspondent.

Mr J. D. Norton, of Carl's Rust, near Cape Town, saw a stork in an exhausted state, quite unable to rise from the ground owing to one leg being badly inflamed and swollen. He examined it and found a ring almost hidden by the growth of the leg.

The stork had obviously been ringed at a very early stage of its life, and the ring was much too small for a full-grown bird. Its life must have been a misery, with the pain of the ring pressing harder and harder into the growing flesh and bone, and Mr Norton was mercifully able to end its sufferings.

When he examined the ring he found that it came from the Ornithological Station at Riga. The experts there, of course, must know better than to ring a young bird with a ring too small for it when grown-up, but the careless fellow who ringed this bird apparently did not, and so we pass this story on to warn any others who may be engaged on this valuable work.

GOOD NEWS FOR GROVELLERS

The Gramophone Needle Box

The C.N. often deplores the slowness with which good ideas make their way in this world, but we feel much more cheerful today.

One good idea which we thought was still waiting to be invented is already well on its way round the world; it has just reached the C.N. office.

It is an exciting little box called the Golden Pyramid, and it is for gramophone needles. It does not fall over at the slightest opportunity, scattering its contents on the floor, as all the old boxes do when the lid is open.

This sensible box is shaped like a pyramid, and the needles come out one at a time through a small hole in the top. It comes from Redditch, the town of good needles of every kind, and it is made by the British Needle Company at their Argosy Works.

So we need go no more a-grovelling after the hundred-or-so needles scattered on the floor, but may sit up proudly, shaking our needles out one by one and blessing the clever men at Redditch for one more good idea.

THE NEW P.A.

Let Us Walk, Says Fleet Street

P.A. has stood for two generations in Fleet Street for the name of the Press Association; now a second P.A. is in Fleet Street, standing for the Pedestrian's Association, whose headquarters are at 134, Fleet Street.

At its annual meeting the other day it was stated that there were 100,000 members, the numbers having been doubled in a year. It is a most encouraging sign of the return of the old habit of walking, the oldest and best of all exercises.

Lord Cecil wrote a message to the meeting in which he said that future ages would find it hard to understand that, in consequence of the selfish desires of a small fraction of the population who use the highways in a way for which they were never constructed, thousands of people have lost their lives and hundreds of thousands have been injured.

It was stated that the latest figures of road accidents show that two people are killed every day by motor-vehicles which mount the pavements.

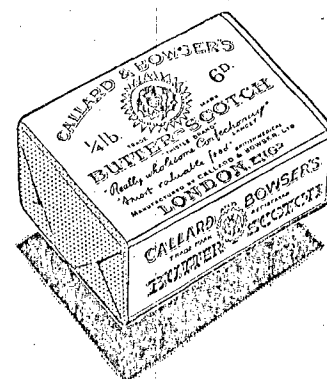


HEALTHIEST BOY.....

"Many people tell me John is the healthiest four-year-old they know," his mother says. "California Syrup of Figs" deserves much of the credit for his splendid condition. I have used it for him regularly since babyhood. I have given it to him, too, for upsets and colds. It always makes him normal in a few hours."

Millions of mothers know the quick, pleasant way to end a child's irregularities; relieve his biliousness, feverishness, headaches; increase appetite and energy, is with a few spoonfuls of "California Syrup of Figs."

Now, many are learning they can prevent troubles of this kind; keep a child in fine condition by the regular weekly dose of this same pure vegetable product which doctors everywhere endorse. Children love its flavour. It acts without discomfort or harm, 1/3 and 2/6 of all chemists. Emphasize the word "California" and avoid mistakes.



In Packets—

1d. 2d. 6d. 1/-

and in sealed airtight round tins 1/.

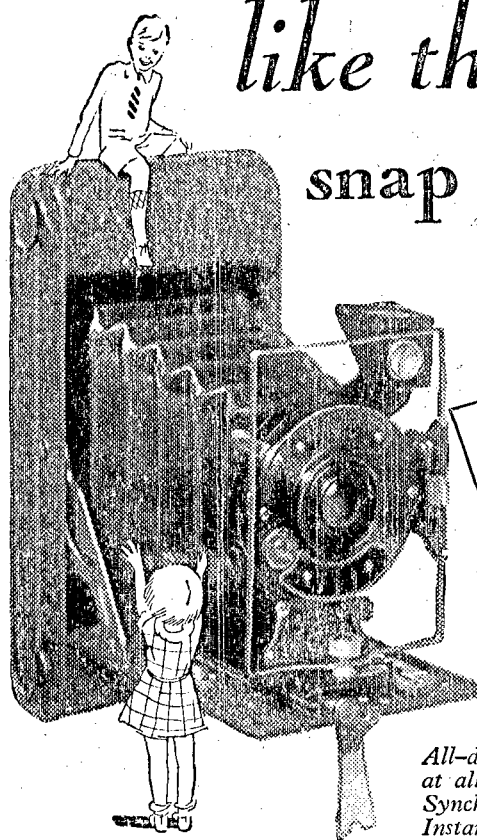
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"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1
President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

Win a CAMERA like this—with a snap of yourself



25 (All-Distance)
Folding Ensigns
FOR SNAPS OF
BOYS AND GIRLS

All-distance Ensign, taking pictures at all distances from 3 ft. upwards. Synchro shutter for Time, Bulb and Instantaneous exposures. Direct and reflex view finders. Simple loading.

Just look at this camera—a wonderful All-distance Folding Ensign, taking brilliant pictures $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ —not only ordinary snaps but splendid close-up portraits. Wouldn't you be proud to own it? Think what fun you could have with it during the coming summer.

SO SIMPLE AND EASY

Any boy or girl under the age of 16 can enter this competition, providing they are eaters of Grape-Nuts. All you have to do is send in the jolliest snap of yourself you can find, together with your reasons, set out in less than 50 words, for liking Grape-Nuts. Two tops from Grape-Nuts packets must accompany each entry.

If you do not eat Grape-Nuts already, ask Mother to buy you a packet to-day. It's the most delicious breakfast food you ever tasted—wonderful for making you stronger and fitter.

Read the Rules before you enter

You will find a leaflet in this issue of the *Children's Newspaper* which tells you more about the competition and contains the rules. Be sure to read them. If the leaflet has been mislaid, another will be sent to you if you send a postcard to the Grape-Nuts Company, C.N.P. Department, 38, Upper Ground Street, London, S.E.1. This competition closes on May 30th.

WHAT IS GRAPE-NUTS? Grape-Nuts is wheat and malted barley in crisp crunchy kernels. It has a wonderful flavour all its own and is so nutritious, so rich in energy that you cannot help but play better and work better if you eat it every day. It is wonderfully good for your teeth, too.

Grape-Nuts

MADE IN CANADA

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Products which include Postum, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes.

FOR LITTLE ONE

For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe the horse
was lost;
For want of the horse the rider was lost;
For want of the rider the battle was lost;
For want of the battle the kingdom
was lost;
And all for the want of a horseshoe
nail.

A Proverb

A CROOKED stick will cast
a crooked shadow.

Plato at the Feast

THE Tyrant of Syracuse wished to insult Plato, and, with petty spite, placed the philosopher in the lowest seat at his table.

"I expect," said the Tyrant with a sneer, "you will have plenty to say against me when you get back to Athens."

"Sir," replied the philosopher, "I trust I shall never be so poorly off for a subject as to have to talk about you."

Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb;
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child;
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake

A Saying of Jesus

BLESSED are the peacemakers, for they
shall be called the children of God.

A Fable From Aesop

THE FOX AND THE GOAT

A FOX one day fell into a well and could not get out again. Some hours afterwards a goat came along and asked if the water was good.

"It is so very good," said the fox, "that I have drunk so much I am afraid I shall be ill."

Upon hearing this the goat immediately jumped into the well to drink the water. The fox then sprang on her back, and so was able to leap out, leaving the poor goat to escape as best she could.

Be careful how you take the advice of people you do not know.

A Little Prayer

GOD, Who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim,
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

Canon Beeching

WEALTH UNDER THE FLAG

The Empire's Minerals and Metals

The British Empire produces a very large proportion of the world's minerals and metals. It is strikingly superior in some of these things and as strikingly inferior in others. The facts for 1928 are now available.

First let us take the minerals and metals in which the Empire is fortunate. The Empire's proportion of gold is nearly three-fourths of the world's output; of tin nearly a half; of manganese nearly a half; of nickel nearly nine-tenths; of chrome nearly two-thirds; of asbestos nine-tenths; of diamonds three-fourths; of mica nearly a half; of lead nearly a third; of zinc a fifth; of coal a fifth.

Among the metals and minerals in which the Empire is not specially favoured are petroleum, of which our proportion of the world's output is less than two per cent; of iron less than a tenth; of silver about a sixth; of copper about a twelfth; of graphite about a tenth; of phosphates seven per cent; of potash only one per cent; of pyrites five per cent; of salt 16 per cent; of sulphur seven per cent.

Perhaps the most remarkable item in the list is petroleum. It is curious that in view of the widespread area of the British Empire it produces only about two per cent of the world's supply of mineral oil.

THE BEAUTIFUL DOORWAY OF OTHAM

A Rubbish Heap That is in the Wrong Place

It is peculiarly distressing to see a church setting a bad example of ugliness in a beautiful village. We have come across it at Otham.

Otham is a lovely village where only the church is commonplace, but the church has one beautiful thing, a disused doorway in the north wall. The chief possession of the church, one would imagine that it would be greatly appreciated and greatly loved; but, incredible as it may seem, the doorway is apparently used as the rubbish corner. We found it so used the other day, and we very much hope there will be public spirit enough in Otham to remove this shame from its churchyard.

THE SCOUT'S HELPING HAND

The Boy Scouts are well worthy of their motto Be Prepared. The list of Scout Troops and Cub Packs of boys in some way physically deficient shows it if nothing else does.

There are 12 Blind Troops and three Blind Packs; 56 Crippled Troops, 28 Crippled Packs, and three Crippled Rover Patrols; 17 Deaf Troops, three Deaf Packs, and three Deaf Rover Patrols; and 33 troops, packs, and patrols of boys mentally deficient.

We congratulate those who must have worked so hard to bring joy into the lives of these little fellows who have not the chance in life that comes to most of their contemporaries.

THE BAKER SAVES HIS DOUGH

It has been discovered that bakers can lose as much as six parts out of every hundred parts of dough they knead; and as many big shops use dough by the ton science has been called in and has shown how to bring down the loss to a tenth part. What happens is that the dough, during fermentation, evaporates a lot, and so loses weight; but by keeping the moisture of the air to a certain point, by means of an electric control, it is possible to prevent the evaporation almost entirely.

DEAD MEN'S TALES AT JERICHO

BY THE WALLS OF THE OLD CITY

Professor Garstang in the
Valley of the Tombs
POTTERY AND HISTORY

Old Jericho is re-shaping itself before the eyes of Professor Garstang and his helpers in Palestine.

The town as it was 4000 years ago is coming alive again, and, strangest of all, its life is reached through the vast cemetery of its dead.

Professor Garstang has explained in the latest reports of his excavations at Jericho how this has come about. For a long time the dating of the periods and history of an ancient site in Palestine, or Egypt, or Babylonia, or anywhere, has been largely, if not solely, identified by the pottery discovered. In the early centuries of civilisation a particular kind of pottery, distinguished by its shape or decorations, was associated with a particular people or epoch.

The Beaker Folk in England

Thus we know that Britain was invaded more than 2000 years ago by a people known as the Beaker folk who penetrated the eastern part of England as far as Cambridge, where their "beakers" have been found. By their beakers alone we know them.

But this history writing by potsherds has its limitations, because though the same people always made the same pottery they went on doing so for centuries. That is a useful fact in disclosing their migrations, but it is useless for dating purposes when they stopped for nearly a thousand years in the same place. Moreover the pottery is usually in fragments, and tells no tale of the habits and manners of those who used it.

Professor Garstang therefore turned his attention to the graves of Jericho, where the inquirers might hope at any rate to find some pottery intact. By the Jordan, as by the Nile, it was usual among the early peoples, who believed in life after death, to provide the dead with food and drink, placing these things and other possessions in jars and dishes in the tomb. Thus some of these things might be found, and be made to tell what manner of people were buried with them.

Untouched for 4000 Years

So it has proved. A great cemetery of graves untouched for 4000 years has been found in Jericho. There are thousands of graves, the earliest of which were dug when bronze had begun to replace the stone axe 25 centuries before Christ, and continuing through the Iron Age down to the time of Judas Maccabaeus.

The Valley of the Tombs by Jericho is full of the relics of the dead, and from the first tomb examined no fewer than 300 pottery vessels were taken. Some are of great beauty, and, examined in sequence and as a whole, they tell the story of the earliest days of Jericho as it never has been told before.

A LITTLE PIECE OF STRING

"What are you groaning about?" we could imagine the signal-box asking the L.N.E.R. goods train as it puffed out of Gateshead the other day.

"I only wish you had to carry this rope!" we could imagine the engine wheezing back.

For this rope weighs 38 tons. It is over seven miles long and was sent to Whitehaven Colliery.

We do not know whether it is the longest rope in the world, but it must be one of the longest, and would have made a beautiful skipping-rope for Glumdalclitch, the young giant who was so kind to Gulliver when he was in Brobdingnag.

THOMAS BECKET'S CUP

Its Story Through the Ages

ONE MORE TREASURE TO BE SOLD

It is sad news that another piece of Old England must seek a new home. The Duke of Norfolk has decided to sell the famous Grace Cup.

If tradition is right Thomas Becket had a little ivory drinking-cup which he took with him when he travelled the miry ways of twelfth-century England. No sooner had he fallen under the blows of his murderers in Canterbury Cathedral than he was acclaimed a martyr. People fought to get a little scrap of his robe as a sacred relic, and it is most likely that his cup would be carefully cherished as a memento of a saint.

In time it became the treasured possession of Sir Edward Howard, the valiant sailor who was standard-bearer to Henry the Eighth. On April 25, 1513, he died leading a boarding-party in an attack on a French vessel. All England mourned for him, and when Queen Katherine found that he had bequeathed her St Thomas's Cup she treasured it for the sake of two great Englishmen.

Queen Katherine's Badge

A cunning silversmith was summoned to mount it with silver, pearls, and garnets. Queen Katherine's badge, the pomegranate, was chased upon it, beside the saint's initials and a mitre, and on the lid was set a little St George slaying the dragon.

The humble little cup which had gone with Thomas Becket's hair shirt became a royal goblet a foot high.

When the unhappy queen died, the first of many hearts to be broken by King Bluebeard, the precious cup went back to the Howard family, and there it has remained for 400 years.

It has always been called the Grace Cup because Sir Edward Howard spoke of Katherine as the Queen's Grace when he made his will.

Greatly though the admiral loved and honoured that sad lady he could not give, even to her, the precious cup while he lived. And now it must be sold as though it were an ordinary bit of property instead of the treasure of three famous English worthies.

OLD STEAMROLLER Carrying-On

We all know the life of a horse, a dog, or a man, but few people have made researches into the longevity of a steamroller. Marylebone's steamroller is 30.

Is the Council going to turn its faithful servant loose in a meadow and provide it with coke every day? By no means. It is going to spend £137 on extensive repairs, and then set him to work anew. It sounds cruel, but perhaps steamrollers would rather wear out than rust out.

Besides, for aught we know, 30 may be young for a steamroller, though it is old for a horse. Peter Puck is expecting a shower of letters from people who have had pet steamrollers which do a good half-mile an hour at 45, and trot to the park railings for a bit of coke at 63.

PERPETUAL MOTION?

A remarkable demonstration of perpetual motion was given the other day at Toronto University. A lead ring suspended in a tube of liquid helium produced a current of 200 amperes without any power from outside, and was kept going all the evening with no loss of energy.

Experiments on these lines have been carried out in the Physics Department of the university, but this was the first public demonstration of what appears to be an almost miraculous new power.

HOW does an orange breathe?

An orange breathes through its pores—those "pits" in its skin. You know how well you feel after a fortnight at the sea-side. Imagine, then, how "healthy" an orange is when it lives its whole life in sunshine!

No wonder "Golden Shred" is such jolly good marmalade. The goodness and the juice of ripe oranges is in every pot.

That is why your Daily Bread needs



'Golden Shred'

The Stamp Collector's Corner

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Including new Madagascar and Wallis and Futuna Islands. Every stamp a perfect picture in itself. You must get them. Only one gift to each applicant. I will send this collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 1d. postage (abroad 2d.).

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10 PERSIA FREE

All applicants for my wonderful Approval Sheets and new List, who send 2d. postage, will receive this beautiful Set FREE. It contains 1911 Issue young Shah head, finely engraved, the 1926 issue, and the superb NEW ISSUE printed in brilliant colours (this Set is usually sold at 1/6). Send addresses of stamp collecting friends and receive an additional set of stamps free.

H. C. WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, Barnet.

Stamp Collecting

For the convenience of those of our readers who are interested in Foreign Stamps, announcements of reputable Stamp Dealers are classified under the heading of The Stamp Collector's Corner.

This feature appears every alternate week in The Children's Newspaper.

WATCH THE C.N.
for May 9

FOR 51 YEARS We have been sending out sheets of stamps on approval. Every stamp we sell is fully guaranteed, is specially selected and priced at the lowest possible figure. Ask for some to be sent you for inspection. For 30 days (abroad 90 days) we will send to all applicants enclosing 6d. a provisional Nyassa Stamps, cat. 4/-, if the application is addressed to—

DEPARTMENT 105,
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SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, E.9. Established 1880.

MARVELLOUS STAMP CASKET FREE

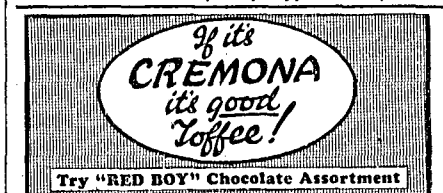
Everything for Stamp Collectors. Including Matlock Tweezers, Kristal-Klear Envelopes, Matlock Mounts, and Set of 4 rare Stamp. The Casket has hinged lid showing in colour the highest English Precipice—at Matlock, the Home of Philately. It also combines a Watermark Detector and Perforation Gauge. Send 3d. postage, or, including Magnifying Glass, 4d. Ask for Approvals.

VICTOR BANCROFT (Dept. C.N.), Matlock, England.

15,000 East End Children will have a long glorious day by the sea, or in the country, this summer.

Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give 12 hours' happiness at 2d. an hour to children of poverty from slum homes of East London's Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to—**The Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH,**

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Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.



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CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model. 2/- extra.

THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Mark Trytton was expelled from Sandhill the term before his young brother arrived at the school.

But only Mark and one or two others knew the facts: most people thought he left because he had failed to get his remove.

Trytton Junior was one of them. He came to the school with not a care in the world—and a very keen sense of fun.

CHAPTER 5

Rough and Tumble

BONNER's return, after several minutes, with the intelligence that by some oversight Trytton's name had been left off the Form lists and "Mr Stevenson's compliments, sir, and will you keep Trytton where he is for the moment. I'd have kept my mouth shut. Wouldn't you, Dumph?"

And Dumph said, "The chap's an outsider. Of course I would, Ham." So that settled that.

The intruder should have felt squashed. But instead, the remark being purposely made in his hearing, he marched to the pair and, looking them in the face, inquired pugnaciously what they meant by outsider.

"Er—I don't mean—a bounder. Of course not," said Dumph.

"No; a sort of cuckoo in the nest," Hammond supplied.

"In that case—" grinned Jim Trytton, but got no farther for a hand was dropped on his shoulder and round he was swung.

It was Gosling; Gosling very red and very tremendous. "So you're the poet!" he shouted. "You're the poet, are you, who mutilated our plaque?"

"And what's the matter with you, please?" Trytton said cheerfully.

"I asked you if you carved that stuff on our plaque."

"Yes, What's-your-name, I did. Have you only just found that out?"

"What's-your-name! This made Gosling angrier still. As if every new kid in Palgrave didn't know who he was—Gosling, the cock of the day-room."

"What do you mean," he demanded, "by shamming you don't know my name?"

"Is it an important one?" smiled the accused. "You tell it me, and I'll write it down in my book." He whipped out a pocket diary. "Now, please?" he invited.

With a furious snarl Gosling wound his arms in no friendly embrace round the scoffer—and in a trice was flat on his back.

"Yes, Gos was on the floor, not Trytton," said an eyewitness, recounting it that night in one of the dormitories. "And when Gosling picked himself up he'd gone white as these sheets, just as if he'd seen a ghost."

"What's that trick?" he spluttered at Trytton.

"Just jiu-jitsu," said Trytton.

"Just how much?" roared Gos.

"A Japanese sort of wrestling."

"Well, listen," roared Gosling. "We don't want any ikey Continental tricks here, and you're going to have six of the best for cutting our plaque."

"Japan isn't on the Continent," answered Trytton, "and I'm not going to have any six, of the best or the worst. And please do tell me your name now," he wound up.

The dormitory gasped. "Gos has never been taken down that way before!" they said. "He'll never forgive Trytton."

It seems this impression was general. One person warned Trytton.

"Trytton," he said, his pale eyes rather concerned, "if I were you I'd steer clear of old Gos. I know he's an ass and a windbag, but he's vindictive. He's horribly vindictive. He won't forget how you've hurt him."

"But, Pickles, I didn't mean to hurt him," said Trytton.

"Whether you did or you didn't, you've hurt him all right. I don't mean that tumble hurt him. That's nothing, of course, but he fancies himself, and you've hurt his pride horribly."

"Oh, I never meant to hurt him that way," said Trytton. "But, after all, the silly juggins began it."

"No, you began it; by meddling with our trophy."

"Oh, that!" Trytton gave a light laugh. "But I've really improved it, for my version is much more sensible than the original one. Still, I had no idea," he added, "that it was so sacred."

"No, of course you hadn't," said Pickles. "Well, would you tell Gosling you're sorry?"

Pickles thought for a moment. "I think I would," he advised. "It's not eating humble pie or anything of that sort, because after just saying you're sorry you needn't go any farther. But it's silly, you see, being at daggers drawn with a chap, especially with one like Gosling, who's got a good bit of influence in the Lower School. And he's been here longer than you have."

Trytton considered the Mixed One and smiled his quick smile. This person, he was thinking, seemed rather decent and inclined to be friendly. There was something about him, too, that was rather attractive, especially his manner of poking fun at himself without allowing other people to score off him—as when he made a joke of his shortness, which might have galled some people and which possibly, Trytton thought, he felt all the time. He was shrewd too. Trytton tumbled to that.

"Pickles, I don't care a hoot for Gosling's position in our day-room, but I've got a reason. I don't want to hurt a chap's feelings—at least, not particularly, though people who are thin-skinned shouldn't start in and bully-rag—"

"I didn't say he was thin-skinned; I said vindictive."

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to tell him I'm sorry."

"That's the stuff!" rejoined Pickles.

"I mean, sorry for not leaving his old plaque alone."

Pickles nodded. "Good enough!"

So Trytton went up to Gosling next day, and Gosling looked at him with a scowl as dark as thunder.

"You're sorry? What for?" he grunted. "You little worm, what are you sorry for?"

And before another word could be uttered he turned on his heel.

After giving him two more days to cool down Trytton tried again; but all he got for his pains was a fiery explosion which sent him back, indignant but laughing, to Pickles.

"What an ass the chap is!" he laughed. "He won't make it up. You might think that I'd mortally injured him."

"Then all I can say is Look out!" counselled Pickles.

Unabashed, Trytton said, "Well, I'll get one in first."

On the following Sunday the day-room came down to find its plaque turned back to the front again, exposing the revised version of its jungle, but this time with a difference in the last line. That last line had run:

And leave DONKEYS to gather the thistle.

But now the Donkeys had vanished. Gunned on the top of it was an alteration in black ink which started them sniggering:

But be blowed to this rhyme,
We can have a good time,
And leave GOSLINGS to gather the thistle.

CHAPTER 6

Looking for Thistles

TRYTTON never thought of denying the authorship. He told Gosling he had brought it upon himself.

"I had two shots at telling you I was sorry," he said. "I couldn't do more. No one could. But you wouldn't listen. Instead you called me a little worm. So that's that!" With which he pointed merrily at his new version.

He was very good-tempered about it. He was laughing all the time, with his shock of hair standing up all over his head.

"People," he said, "who go looking for thistles will find them."

Gosling glared.

"And, Gosling, you will always be gathering thistles if after taking offence you won't take an apology."

"I don't want your preaching," said Gosling.

"No, of course you don't. But as a matter of fact I'm not preaching, I'm talking horse sense and showing you how my verse fits."

Then he went to the plaque and stripped off the scrap of gum paper. "There you are!" he said. "Will you make it up now?"

JACKO LOSES HIS JOB

JACKO loved giving his family a surprise. He had a good one for them when he came home one day and announced that he had found a job.

Father Jacko said it was a nine days' wonder. "I really don't know who would take on such a boy," he added. "The man must be mad!"

But it was too good to last; there was trouble in store.

One day a very smart gentleman came along and asked to be shown how the vacuum cleaner worked.

Jacko ran the cleaner all over the carpet, and showed how it took up the dust and picked up all the pieces.



It was a terrible moment

"He's not!" cried Jacko indignantly. "He's the manager of the stores!"

Jacko had actually got a job in the biggest shop in Monkeyville!

"Who would have thought it?" said Mother Jacko.

All went well till Jacko was put in the China Department, and then he broke so many things that he nearly got the sack. But the manager was very kind-hearted.

"I'll let the boy sell vacuum cleaners," he said. "He can't break them, and he has a pleasant way with him and may do quite a lot of business."

Jacko certainly did. He sold so many cleaners the first week that they actually gave him a rise.

"It's a real beauty!" he said, getting very excited. "Even cleans your clothes for you!"

And he turned the cleaner on to the gentleman's overcoat.

All would have been well if Jacko had stopped at that, but unfortunately he didn't. He tried to take a piece of fluff off the gentleman's hat, and an awful thing happened.

The gentleman's hat whizzed up into the air, and, what is more, his hair went too! He was wearing a wig!

It was a terrible moment. When the customer had said what he thought about the shop in general and Jacko in particular he departed. And so did Jacko; the manager saw to that.

A silence followed. Gosling stood very still. He was conscious of the little crowd gathering round them, of Hammond with his eyes staring out of his head, the scandalised breath that Dumph had drawn through his nostrils, of Bonner watching quietly and expressionless, of Pickles in a bubble of eager excitement. Of these and a dozen more he was terribly conscious, these people whom his long standing in the room had caused to look up to him, or at least to defer to him. He was wishing, perhaps, that he had Trytton to himself. And yet perhaps not, for although his pride was at stake he felt little inclination to vindicate it by any further attempt at physical punishment. The memory of a certain jiu-jitsu trick was too recent.

He looked Trytton over; broodingly, indecisively. They had told him H. L. had called this new fellow a featherbrain and others had flatly declared he was irresponsible. A ridiculous, irresponsible kid, they had said, who went about turning cart-wheels, mad as a hatter. He had himself thought that Trytton must be fairly mad, and pretty cocky, to brand their plaque as he had done. He had thought at first that a licking would knock all that out of him. He wasn't quite so sure now.

Pickles was right in calling Gosling a windbag, but Pickles was wrong in putting him down as an ass. There was nothing of the silly ass about Gosling. If there had been he would never have kept that ascendancy which he had exercised for such a time over the day-room. Gosling was only an ass so far as his work went, and that because he had no head at all for books. But he had a good deal of calculation and was quite quick enough to turn anything that came along to his advantage.

For instance, he need not have lagged Izard's study, or anyone's, but it suited him to secure a study-fag's pickings. Nor would he have allowed Dumph to toady him so had he not made use of Dumph as a fag in exchange. He saw through Dumph's flattery, but endured it and counted it as a reasonable price to pay for a fag of his own. Against all regulations he had a fag, the only person in Lower School who possessed one. Not officially, of course.

So Gosling was no fool. And while in that dead silence he stood measuring Trytton he sensed in the youngster a quality others had missed, a quality which vexed while it baffled him. "People who go looking for thistles will find them." Was that the utterance of an irresponsible feather-brain? Was it cockiness that had led him to alter their rhyme or some keener impulse which saw its ludicrous side?

Gosling could not feel sure. But this he felt strangely: that Trytton must either be accepted without reservation or utterly crushed; that no half-measures would do; it must be one or the other. The chap had apologised. Why not take his apology with the best grace possible?

Gosling was just on the point of reaching this decision when a peal of uncontrollable laughter rang through the room. They saw Trytton shy from it as a sensitive horse shies, and Gosling's face grew crimson with passion again. It was Hammond, who, misunderstanding his hero's long silence but convinced that the proceedings needed a spur, professed suddenly to have seen the point of the new version and went almost into hysterics to find it so funny.

That settled it so far as Gosling was concerned. So if he forgave this pert creature the people would laugh at him; they would laugh at him as Hammond was laughing now, and they'd go on laughing afterwards; that was the rub. "Old Gos met more than his match in young Trytton," they'd say.

"You are sorry?" he asked of Trytton. His manner was not blustering or fierce or even aggressive.

"I've told you three times—yes," said Trytton at once.

"You are genuinely sorry?"

"I am sorry," said Trytton.

"For offending me."

"For hurting your feelings."

"And you wouldn't do it again?"

"I suppose not," smiled Trytton.

Then Gosling lowered his voice; he kept it just loud enough for every word to be heard all over the room. He thrust his face forward until it nearly touched Trytton's.

"Very well, then," he said very slowly, "you tell me you're sorry. Now listen, Trytton, to what I've got to tell you."

He paused, and Trytton waited without any movement.

"You are sorry now, but before I've finished with you, Trytton, you'll be much more sorry, you'll be horribly sorry. And that, I think, is all I've got to tell you."

"It's you," Pickles whispered to Trytton, "who are looking for thistles."

TO BE CONTINUED

50 boys and girls will win these prizes

Will you be top?

1st Prize - £2.2.0

2nd " - £1.1.0

3rd " - 10/6

47 Consolation prizes
of 5/- each

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

In most houses, spring cleaning is either going on or is only just over. What do you think about it all? If you had to do it, how would you go about it? Would you do the whole house at once, or a room at a time? Would you abolish it altogether or find a way of cleaning the house without upsetting everything and everybody? You can win a useful prize by writing down in your own words what you think about Spring Cleaning and what you think would be the best method of keeping the home, including playroom, bedroom and nursery, healthy and free from dust and dirt and dangerous germs.

Your essay must not exceed 100 words and will be judged on how you express your ideas, as well as for spelling, general neatness and handwriting. Age will also be taken into consideration. The judges' decision must be considered as final, and your sending an essay means that you accept this condition.

NOTE.—Your essay must bear the words "I certify that this is the unaided work of the competitor" and be signed by one of your parents or a guardian. Write your own name and address clearly on the coupon below and attach it to your essay, which must reach this office by Monday, 11th May, 1931.

GOBLIN

WIZARD

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

This high-grade, British-made Electric Vacuum Cleaner is a great labour-saver and is used in thousands of up-to-date homes. It extracts deeply embedded dirt from carpets and rugs and aided by the patent 'agitator' nozzle, it gathers all surface litter including dogs' hairs and cottons. By simply detaching the extension handle the GOBLIN WIZARD is instantly adapted for cleaning upholstery, stairs, mattresses, picture rails and wardrobe tops.

CASH PRICE

£5.19.6

FREE BOOK. A very interesting book called "Running the Home of To-day" by Mrs. D. D. Cottington-Taylor, will be sent on request. It contains, apart from information about vacuum cleaners, a lot of hints on how to save labour in the home.

"THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER" FREE COUPON.

I wish to enter for the GOBLIN WIZARD Essay Competition on the understanding that I accept the judges' decision as final.

The British Vacuum Cleaner & Engineering Co. Ltd.,
London, S.W.6.

Name Age

Address

The little that means so much!

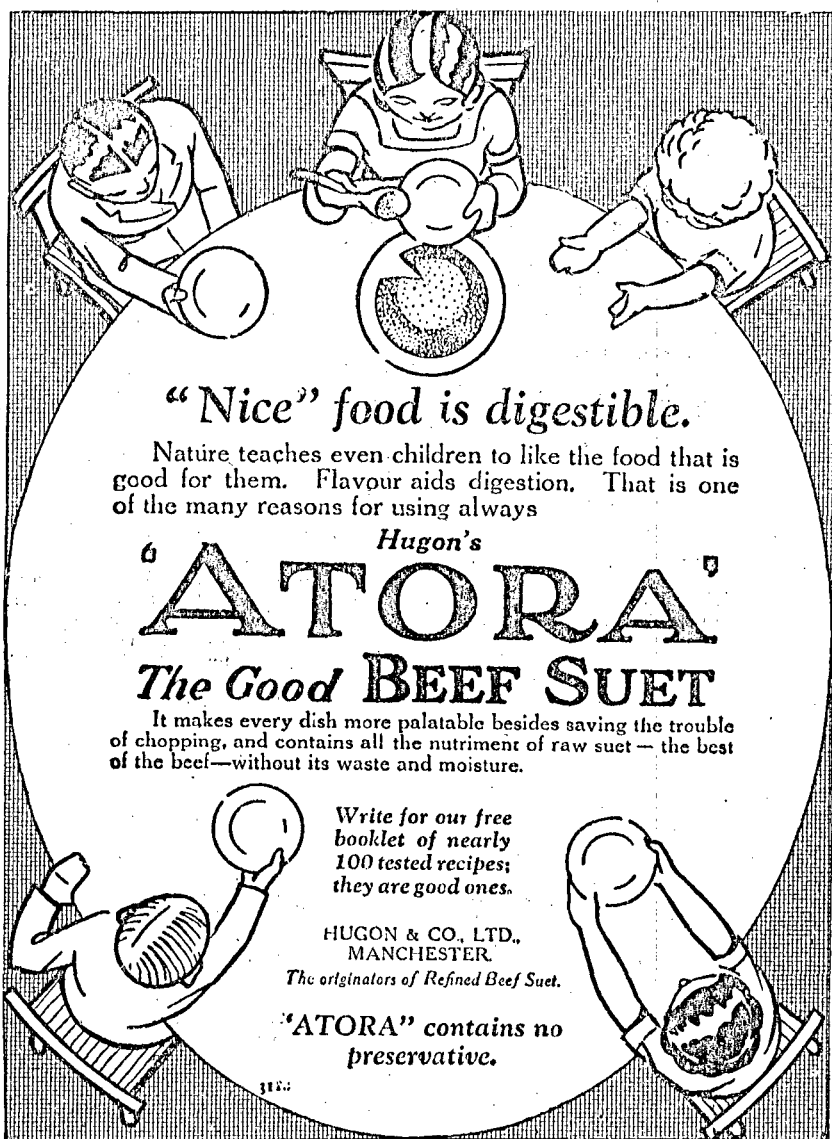
It is the multiplicity of small donations that means so much in the furtherance of our work for the little people. There must be no delay in the treatment of the tiny tots if they are to have a fair chance. It is by treating the trouble at the beginning that so much suffering is avoided in later years.

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

President H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD.
Chairman SIR GOMER BERRY, BART., J.P.
Treasurer ROBERT MOND, Esq.
Medical Director ERIC PRITCHARD, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.



"Nice" food is digestible.

Nature teaches even children to like the food that is good for them. Flavour aids digestion. That is one of the many reasons for using always

Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

It makes every dish more palatable besides saving the trouble of chopping, and contains all the nutriment of raw suet — the best of the beef—without its waste and moisture.

Write for our free booklet of nearly 100 tested recipes; they are good ones.

HUGON & CO., LTD.,
MANCHESTER.
The originators of Refined Beef Suet.

"ATORA" contains no preservative.

ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY

Read by more whole families than any other magazine in the world

The Only Magazine of Its Kind

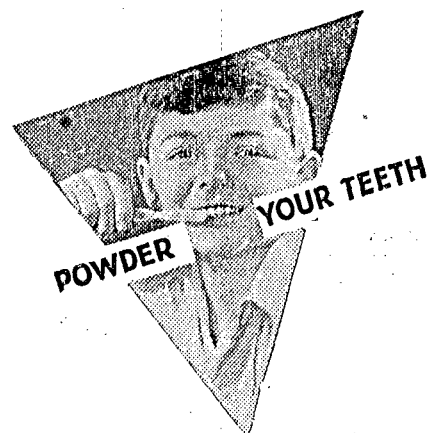
THIS wonderful magazine is a monthly treasury of captivating articles, photographs from every part of the world, and exquisite pictures.

Whatever your age it will delight you. Children love it and parents cannot lay the magazine aside without reading it from cover to cover, for it is unique in value and outlook. It deals with all the things that really matter in this world in a manner so simple that all can understand.

It is edited by Arthur Mee, Editor of the Children's Newspaper, and is the magazine which a Government Committee on Education declared to be excellent and beyond praise.

MY MAGAZINE

May issue now on sale - 1s



"WHO ever thought cleaning teeth could be so nice" is what all boys and girls say when they try Calvert's Tooth Powder. "Now perhaps you won't need telling so much to brush them night and morning," says Mother. But Calvert's is much more than nice, would say thousands who have been keeping their teeth sound and white for 20, 30, and even 40 years with this old and tried dentifrice.

Calvert's

(CARBOLIC)
Tooth Powder

Sold everywhere in tins 6d., 1/- & 1/6.

Three Dainty Samples of Calvert's Tooth Powder, Toilet Soap and Shampoo Soap free in return for 3d. in stamps (to cover post and packing). F. C. Calvert & Co., Ltd. (Dept. C.N.), Manchester.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 25, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

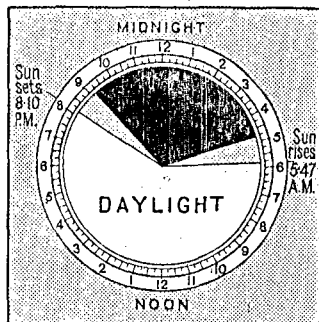
Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

The Two Lifts

AN American skyscraper of 40 storeys has two lifts which travel non-stop from the ground floor to the top floor, or vice versa, in 20 seconds. One starts from the ground floor two seconds earlier than the other leaves the top floor. Allowing 30 seconds at their stopping-places, at what storey would the lifts be exactly level on the next journey? *Answer next week*

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets longer each day.

Mistakes of the Great

Frobisher. When Sir Martin Frobisher was searching for the North-West Passage in 1576 he also had in mind the possibility of finding gold deposits in the Arctic. He brought back large quantities of heavy black ore streaked with yellow veins, believing that it pointed the way to a fortune, but when it was analysed it was found to contain no gold at all.

Ici On Parle Français



Le faux-col Le corsage La colonne
Le garçon met un faux-col propre.
Elle porte un corsage décollé.
Il ne reste qu'une colonne debout.

Water and Vinegar

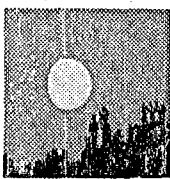
It is interesting to note that little teasers which are very puzzling to some people are perfectly easy to others.

A spoonful of water is taken from a glass and poured into a glass of vinegar. A spoonful of the mixture is then taken and poured back into the glass of water. Is there then more water in the vinegar or more vinegar in the water?

The point which many people cannot grasp is that the *net amount* of water removed is exactly replaced by vinegar, so the amounts are equal.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune are in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, April 29.



Letter Subtraction

START with a word of eight letters meaning *notched like a saw*, take away one letter and make a word meaning *delays*. Continue this process, forming words meaning: *stop*, *look fixedly*, *a sun*, *product of coal*, *preposition*.

The order of the letters is altered after each subtraction. *Answer next week*

The Bullfinch

THE bullfinch, which is now building its nest, probably got its name from its sturdy build and pugnacious appearance—it has a stubby beak and thick neck.

The nest is often placed in the hedges that border railway lines, where it is free from human interference. Wild berries and seeds form its chief food, but in the Spring it raids the orchards for the fruit buds.

Bones

WHEN we refer to a thing as *a bone of contention* we mean that it is like a bone over which two dogs are disputing the ownership. Similarly, when we have *a bone to pick* with anyone we are alluding to the possibility of trouble when two dogs try to pick the same bone.

A person who *makes no bones about it* is perhaps one who makes so little fuss about his food that he eats it, bones and all.

A Charade

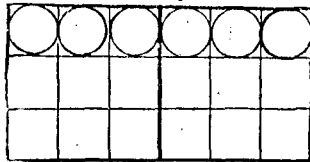
MY first in a motor-car is found,
Helping to make the wheels go round.

It's also a river that gives its name To an English town of world-wide fame.

An age-long period is my last,
There have been many in the past.
My whole most people take away
When going off for a holiday.

Answer next week

Linked Squares



THE top horizontal line, indicated by circles, represents a word of six letters meaning a ground-nut. Find this word and complete each half of the diagram as a word-square. *Answer next week*

Heat

WHAT is the temperature of your fire at home?

If wood is burned this may vary from 800 to 1140 degrees Fahrenheit, but a coal fire is much hotter and may be 2400 degrees.

In the great Bessemer furnaces in steelworks a temperature of 4000 degrees Fahrenheit is reached.

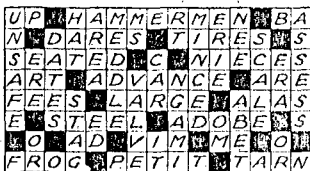
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Two Ways to School. 15 minutes

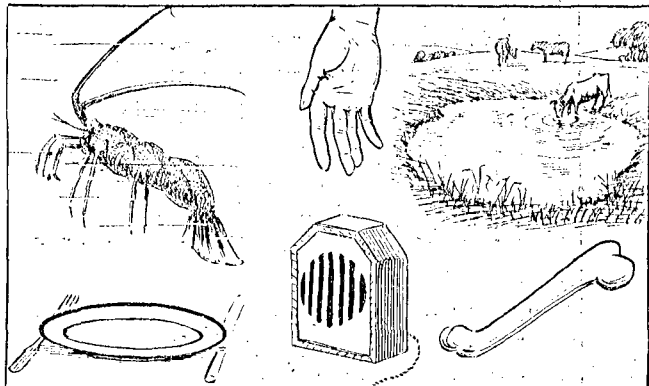
Behaved Words. L-one, O-pen, N-ever, D-rain O-men, N-ear.

A Hidden Bird. Eagle

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



What Island is This?



FIND the names of the objects shown here. Then take two consecutive letters from each word and arrange them so that they spell the name of a British island dominion. *Answer next week*

Dr MERRYMAN

Fine

HE was appearing before the magistrate for a slight motoring offence.

"It's a fine day, sir," he said as he smiled at the man on the bench. "Decidedly," replied the magistrate. "And the amount of yours is twenty shillings."

The Lady Lawyer

JUDGE: I notice that for the first time we have a lady lawyer in court.

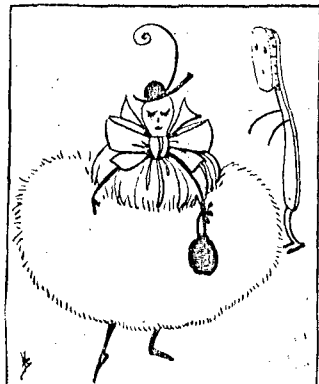
Counsel: Yes, your honour; our sister-in-law.

His Excuse

WORKSHY WILLIE was told that if he applied at the White Swan Laundry employment would be found for him.

"I'm longing for something to do," he said untruthfully, "but I'm afraid I've never in my life washed a white swan."

The Snob



SWANSDOWN met Toothbrush and looked down her nose;

What she's puffed up about nobody quite knows;

Maybe she's pretty and used to be wealthy,
But darling old Toothbrush is used by the healthy.

Wood

THERE were signs of work in hand in the garden.

"I've just built a shed out of my own head," volunteered the busy one.

"And I see there's plenty of wood to spare for a dog kennel," returned his candid friend.

The Reply

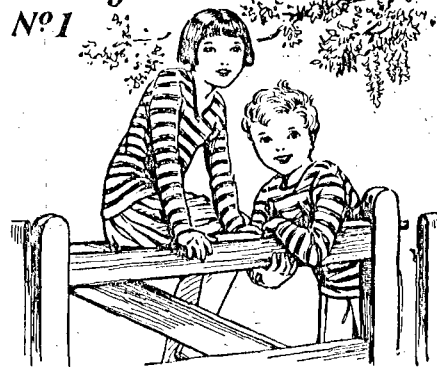
THE self-made man approached a prominent industrial magnate, a noted hustler.

"Doubtless you do not remember me," he said by way of introduction, "but twenty years ago, when I was a poor lad, you gave me a message to deliver."

"Is that so?" queried the hustler. "And where is the answer?"

The Kolynos Kiddies

No 1



The Kolynos Kiddies,
Called Colin and Kate.
Love swinging about on
The side-Garden gate.

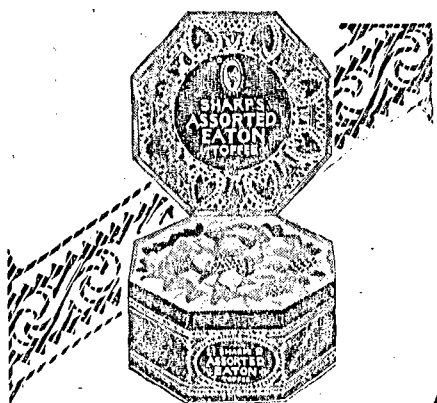
The folks who pass by say:
"What teeth, strong and white!"
They reply: "WE use Kolynos
Morning and night!"

Everyone notices and admires good teeth: and it's so easy for every child to have them. Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a firm, dry brush is enough for each occasion, and gives a lovely foam. It keeps the teeth clean and white, strengthens the gums, makes the mouth taste and feel nice and sweet.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Test Kolynos Free. Send a card to-day to Kolynos (Dept. 50A), Chancery Street, London, W.C.1, giving your name and address. You will receive a free sample by return of post.

All dentists recommend Kolynos; every chemist sells it.



Scrumptious!

YES, scrumptious! That's the word for Sharp's "Eaton" Toffee—so delicious in flavour that you could eat piece after piece and feel that every little portion was better than the last. Made by Sharp's of Maidstone—a sufficient guarantee of perfect purity.

Ed. Sharp & Sons, Ltd., Maidstone.

4ozs.
4d.

SHARPS
EATON
TOFFEE

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

EVERYBODY has heard of the beautiful lady who was forced to leave her coach and dance a minuet with a highwayman; but few people have heard of a lady who was not beautiful at all, but clever enough to drive a carrier's cart for fifty years from London to the country, along roads infested with highwaymen, without once being robbed.

Carrier Nelly wore an old soldier's coat of Queen Anne's times and a bonnet as big as a coal-scuttle. She made her journeys in a covered cart sitting on a plank with her feet in straw. Her hair was cropped like a man's, though she lived in days when short hair was almost unheard of among ladies.

From London town she carried hot cakes, fancy bread, and confectionery made by town cooks for the country gentry, and there were packages for the humbler folk too. She made her return journey with her cart full of country produce.

Nelly lived in the country herself; and for years Solomon, her horse, and King George, her pig, were her dearest friends: though nobody knew why a pig should have such an unusual name and most people thought it rather impolite to his Majesty.

A greater mystery was how Nelly managed to travel the high roads in safety in days when robbers were as thick as blackberries and a terror to the countryside.

When she was an old woman, and Solomon and King George were no more, she told both secrets.

"When I was a young woman and went my first round," she said, "I was all of a shake for fear of thieves who would perhaps murder me and then rob the cart; and the queer thing was that the very first night I went out I was held up on the heath by a young fellow on a black horse, who pointed a pistol at my head.

"Now then, wench," he said, "what's in your coach?"

"At that moment my old pig, who was then a youngster just bought from market, began to snore like a Christian gentleman; and the rogue whispered, 'Who's that?'

THE LUCKY PIG

"Maybe, it's one of King George's officers," I whispered back, at a venture like; and I'm bothered if he didn't take to his heels!

"Whether he told his friends that there was a covered cart on the road full of officers waiting to take them all off to Newgate Gaol I can't say; but I was never bothered again, and though I saw queer things I never spoke of them. The highway folk let me get an honest living on the roads.

"As for that lucky pig, I called him King George, and treated him like a royal gentleman. A clean bed every day he had, a slice of pudding on Sundays, and sometimes a china orange from London town, for hadn't he taken care of me in the king's name?"